

The TATLER

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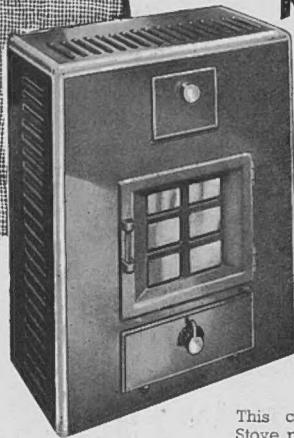
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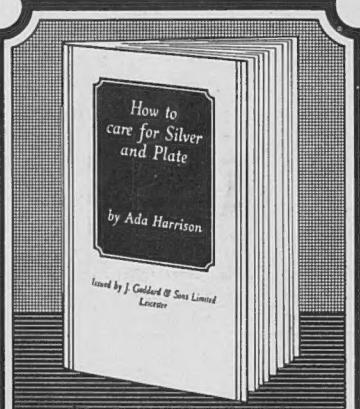
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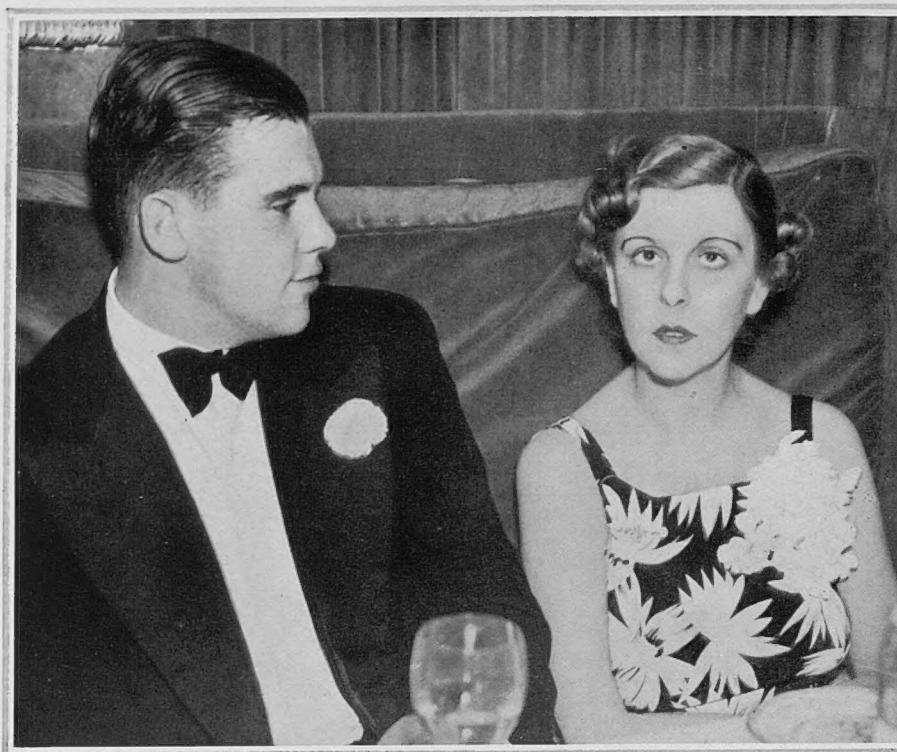
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Angus McBean

IVOR NOVELLO AND DOROTHY DICKSON IN "CREST OF THE WAVE"

The big success at Drury Lane, written and composed by Mr. Ivor Novello, would seem to be very well titled. It is fully dealt with by our Dramatic Critic in this issue and in pictures on p. 515. Miss Dorothy Dickson plays Honey Wortle, the lovely little cinema "extra" who eventually becomes the Duchess of Cheviot, Mr. Novello, of course, playing the Duke



LORD THURLES AND MISS VERA WOOD

London after dark is rapidly becoming gay again now that the socialites are reassembling from Scotland, the South, Dalmatia and so forth. The Earl of Ossory's son and Miss Vera Wood were at the Florida on its reopening night and found their introduction to London's first revolving dance floor highly diverting

AFTER seven lean and sorrowful years Paris is again Gay Paree. Those who have seen the Exhibition by neonlight, its fountains and its fun boxes, declare *La Ville Lumière* very good value, so much so that I forecast a regular *va-et-vient* of Londoners during the autumn, with possibly more amusing parties there than here because, somewhat flattened out by continuous coronating, we are still suffering from the aftermath of grandeur, for which the obvious antidote is to take the plane and let the hair down in Paris. *La semaine anglaise*, now legalised throughout France, will be put by invaders to its merriest meaning—a whoopsie week-end, especially on the first Sunday in October when the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe is run by horses over a mile and four furlongs at Longchamp, while foxes, monkeys, and even bears parade on the backs of mannequins. Last year the counter attraction was a Communist meeting, but owing to beautiful sunshine greater crowds patronised the race meeting, and so a dreaded day passed in comparative quiet. *Vive le sport!* Now, under a stabler, paler Government, strikes are less likely to recur, most parties being "agin" any upheavals, though visitors may notice an occasional hang-over from labour disturbances. Plumbers, for instance, are still dissatisfied. The problem arising when Madame Dubois' geyser, unaware of the forty-hour week, elects to blow up on a

Saturday night, has yet to be adjusted.

* * *
IN September it

And the World said—



THE DANCERS GO ROUND AND ROUND

Miss Prudence Hayes, one of the Grosvenor House Glamour Girls, and Mr. Arthur Grenfell trying out the revolving dance floor at the Florida. This floor, like the one in the famous Arizona Bar at Budapest, can be stopped or started at will, revolves in either direction and has a variety of pace. Warning lights appear when things are about to go with a special swing

DOROTHY WILDING
BARONESS JULES DE KOENIGSWARTER

The former Miss Nica Rothschild with her son, who will soon be a year old. Since their marriage in 1935, Baron and Baroness Jules de Koenigswarter have been twice round the world, visiting Japan, China and the South Seas. They are both enthusiastic pilots and have their own aeroplane

is hard to hang your hat in the Ritz or any swell hotel. Americans are occupying royal suites before transferring their vast white wardrobe trunks to royal suites afloat. Inside the Cambon door I encountered Lord Poulett waiting for his lovely sister, who was waiting for a hairdresser (these gentlemen being entitled to keep beauties waiting, bully them about their appearance and accept a fifty per cent. tip for same), also the "Johnnie" Muskers, back from Riviera cruising, the Alfred Parkers, off to see one of their horses run at Chantilly, Joyce Leigh, who looks so like her mother, Mrs. Claude, Sue Rosenberg, American belle, last seen examining Lady Milford Haven's camera in Cannes, Mrs. Eve Lehmann, party-going New Yorker, in the most conical of caps, Max Stuckart, the Viennese who works in Paris and

"waltzes divinely, dear," a battalion of wide-shouldered men trying to shove round that left-hand door and get near enough to Frank to order a drink, and a crocodile of smart women entering the Grill, two by two, in exciting versions of the prescribed high hat. The most becoming was a halo in reverse worn by Gräfin Ferdinand Colloredo-Mansfield, her cure at Baden-Baden completed; which reminds me that in "Another Book" Lady Clodagh Anson recounts how the young Beresfords, accustomed to summer-holiday in Ireland, got bored with a grown-up who gave herself airs about Homburg and Aix-les-Bains. When she remarked "This year I think I'll try Baden-Baden" they said haughtily, "Oh, really! We're going to Tramore-Tramore." Every page, indeed every paragraph, of Lady Clodagh's memories provides uproarious fun, sprinkled with home truths, such as "Why is it that one man, or one dog, is fairly easy to manage, but the moment there are two men, or two dogs, they invariably get into mischief? Women never behave like that; there is always one tiresome female who says 'My dear, I shouldn't' when you want to do something too gloriously outrageous and it takes all the fun out of it and damps you off." Lady Clodagh, with her inconsequences, her unique grammar and her great-heartedness "is identified," like Arnold Bennett's Card, "with the great cause of cheering us all up."

* * *

Another personality who enjoys life hugely—Sir Ian Malcolm—was in Paris holding a consultation with Olivier, the famous *maitre d'hôtel*, about a packet of melon seeds intended for Poltalloch, where the soft airs of Argyll permit the Laird to grow almost anything. Olivier (who saw himself impersonated by Victor Boucher in Bourdet's unforgettable "Sexe Faible") is a character, of course, but the Ritz has lost its chief, M. Rey, whose place can never be taken in the hearts of hundreds who appreciated his gentle dignity and extraordinary efficiency. A *hôtelier* has to face awkward situations with *sangfroid*, and a head waiter show more resource than a Field-Marshal. Charles, former martinet of Claridge's, now in semi-retirement at Cannes, could write



Till

THREE BATHERS AT BEMBRIDGE

The other two are Miss Ann Baxendale, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Guy Baxendale, and Mrs. Michael Montgomery-West who was staying with her aunt, Lady de Robeck, who has a house at Bembridge and is the widow of the late Admiral Sir John de Robeck. The swan was cruising off the Garland Club, Bembridge



AT WARWICK RACES

Lord Porchester, the son and heir of a racing-minded father, Lord Carnarvon, who is also a G.R., with Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, his aunt, and Miss Monica Sheriffe, who is so well known Melton Mowbray way

imposing figure, holding an mast.

* * *

The hat which Madame de Pombo wore to lunch with Madame Paul Dubonnet in Paris was like an umbrella blown inside out. All eyes were on the Spanish arbiter of fashion whose studio on the left bank is where Whites on leave drink health to Franco in the wine of their unhappy country. Women were also enjoying Madame Dubonnet's new emerald and diamond bracelet, for Jean's jewellery is famous. Men envy the Dubonnet brothers their prowess as shots and angle for invitations to the Chateau de Montgermont in Seine-et-Marne where partridges fall right and left upon the Sabbath day. Madame André Dubonnet, like her sister-in-law, is American-born, so these weekend parties have, to coin a phrase, "an international flavour." Three of the most beautiful women in the world—all American—were at one shoot, Constance Bennett, Mrs. Harold T. Talbot (whose polo-playing husband was much liked on English grounds in '35) and Baronne d'Almeida. Contessa Dorothy di Frasso (Bert Taylor's irrepressible sister), the Herbert Westons, Mr. and Mrs. William A. M. Burden, Mr. Grover Whalen and the Marquis de La Falaise were also present. The Marquis had an admiring semi-circle behind him at every drive,

(Continued overleaf)



PUTTING IT ACROSS THE PIRATES

A scene at M. Delbos' luncheon party at Nyon, a pleasing interlude in the Piracy Conference. Standing on right is Sir Robert Vansittart, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, stooping down in centre of picture is Lord Chatfield, First Lord of the Admiralty. They are talking to Mr. Anthony Eden, our Foreign Minister, while the secretaries are interested listeners

And the World said—continued

and Mr. Weston wore the gayest coat, an American check-board lined with pink, therefore reversible for hunt balls. Partridges were half as numerous as last year owing to prolonged early rains.

* * * *

Gradually and reluctantly Monte Carlo-ites are tearing themselves from the Indian summer to the business of buying clothes and making steamship reservations. Mrs. Chadwick, hospitable Chicago-Palm Beacher, has arrived in Paris for a month, full of plans for spending half future years in Europe: good news for her friends and for the luxury trades. Still on the Riviera was Mrs. Woolley-Hart, whose husband has bought her Lady Orr-Lewis' Domaine de la Frayère. Here she has reverted to the Tyrol. The bar is painted by an Austrian artist and the hostess receives in *Kitzbüheler* petticoats. Mr. Woolley-Hart so enjoyed crossing the Atlantic by Zeppelin that he looks forward to the completion of Eckener's next airship, believing it "the only way to travel," a brave statement from a septuagenarian. Another Riviera fastness—the exquisite Château at Eze—is occupied by its cultured owners, Sam and Ernesta Barlow, American high-brows. He is resting after the labours of composing music for "Amphytrion" to be heard in New York; the Lunts starring. Mrs. Barlow's sister wrote the new book on Tschaikovsky and she herself, tall, black-eyed and white-haired, with Brontë-esque clothes, writes plays. They were pioneers at Eze, converting its twelfth-century cottages into a "castle" years before royalties and Vanderbilts discovered this Italianate village on the rocks above Monaco. At sea-level Maxine Elliot is still entertaining with Edythe Baker d'Erlanger as the season's featured guest. "They" say that while the chute was being built from the pool at Château de l'Horizon to the sea, Maxine was sitting on the terrace playing backgammon when a workman came in and insisted on measuring her so that the chute would be a comfortable width. At Cannes talk is still of the success Ambrose made of Victor's, which augurs well for the Café de Paris where this master of music for the light fantastic is to do his stuff. And the first words Santarelli said, after his usual welcome, was, "What a wonderful success Victor has had." That first dinner at the Savoy after the holidays means more to many patriots than the White Cliffs of Dover, because you know where you are in the Strand, even if the floor rises, and, what is more, you know how you are—dashed hungry—even if you do not know who you are, which recalls the classic about Lady X, who ended her recital of grievances with "They didn't know who we were," to which the wag riposted "And who were you?"

* * * *

Dancing that night was Lady Dunedin with the same energy she brings to the ice rink, Sir Paul Lathom and his Lady Patricia of the beautifully transparent complexion, Pamela Fielding, Sir Charles Fielding's good-looking girl, Anita Elsom doing a *palais de danse* intricacy with Mr. Laski, Gerald Brockhurst with square-bobbed model Dorette Woodward, Ann Todd in a foam of misty blue, "Breckie" looking the situation over and, partnered by that excellent ski-er "Chris" Taylor, Mrs. Tonge, better remembered as Felicity Seddon. Hers was the only enviable dress, billions of little

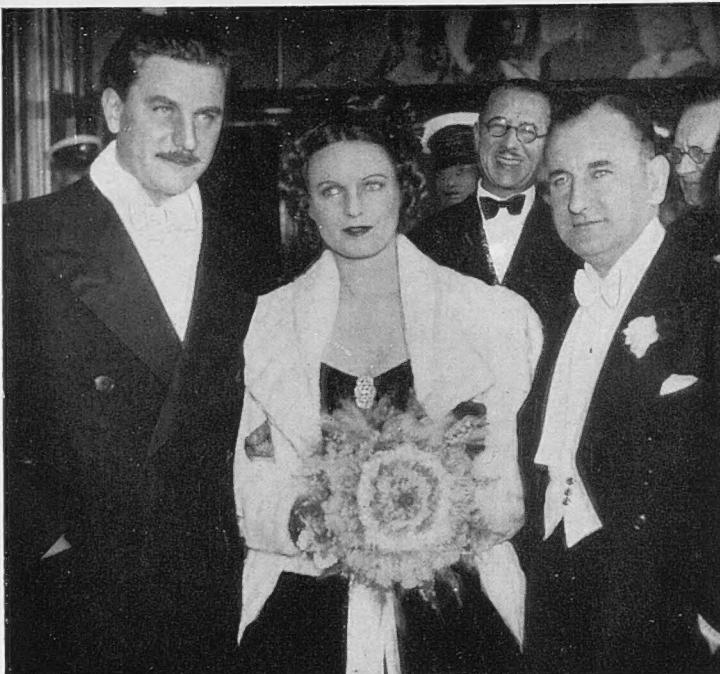
gold beads, but then "Flick" has the perfect figure plus the perfect profile. Occupying his usual table was *Stammgast* "Bertie" Meyer. Back from Antibes, the ex-impresario is thinking of becoming a publican in the Midlands. In New York the Colony *clientèle* not only occupies "usual" tables, but owns preferred table stock in perpetuity. You know exactly who you are going to see on which *banquette*, and Miss Beth Leary's departure from the first table on the right beyond the buttress would change the New York skyline for me more than the collapse of the Woolworth building. For years Beth had a friendly feud about this table with an eminent dramatic critic, or it may have been a mere millionaire; anyway, she now keeps it for lunch and he dines there if she does not want it for dinner, which sounds as if the stronger sex has triumphed.

* * *

After the pleasure of savouring the first English partridge (tastier than the French, but inferior to the heather-fed partridge from the south of Scotland), there is the pleasure and temptation of shop-window-gazing in Bond Street, which, with Oxford Street, Regent Street and Piccadilly, formed, you may remember, Mr. Sponge's morning tour. *Parmi les flaneurs* (that French feeling persists) were Raymond de Trafford, the hatter's despair, Mrs. Harriet Harriman in a white satin bowler about to buy a bath, Lady Doverdale saying she must go to Scotland to recover from Budapest, and "Ronnie" Mason saying he must write up his diary after Antibes.

Having got a double first at Cambridge and gone round the world, this tall good-looker is turning to a literary career. His father, Major Sydney Mason, seen hurrying to White's between judging hunters at County Shows, is an expert with sun-bathing oil whose services were much in demand at Eden Roc. White's, recovered from the Rupert Bellville *casus belli*, is turning to the subject of autumn waistlines, Commander Philip de Crespigny having left two stone in Vichy, and Colonel Wilfred Egerton gained one in Dresden to their respective satisfaction.

* * *



THE PREMIÈRE OF "VICTORIA THE GREAT": ANTON WALBROOK, ANNA NEAGLE, AND HERBERT WILCOX

When Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook and Herbert Wilcox arrived at the Leicester Square Theatre for the world première of this great film the enthusiasm was so great that the police cordon was partially broken. Anna Neagle gives a wonderful performance as the Queen. Anton Walbrook is equally satisfying as the Prince Consort and, as everybody knows, Herbert Wilcox produced. The film has been acclaimed in America

In the land of cakes where every meal is a builder-upper, Mr. John Dewar, Count Kleinmichel, Comte Robert de Cabry and Ian Villiers-Stuart of Dromana, with his amusing wife, Elspeth Richardson that was, have been among Sir Kay Muir's guns at Blair Drummond, while Mr. Stanley Bond, who is lending West Dean Park for the Royal West Sussex Hospital Ball on New Year's Eve, has Braemar Castle packed to the turrets. This hospitable confirmed bachelor is Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson of Invercauld's tenant and His Majesty's neighbour. Meanwhile, Mrs. Farquharson, "let up to the front door" like so many lucky lairds, is using Cluny Cottage where lovely Diana Bethell was staying with her. It is easier to read Bradshaw than keep up-to-the-minute with inter-country house transfers. "Tiny" Sword and her young soldier brother have been among the Ian Hamiltons' guests at Lennoxlove and Lord and Lady Fermoy visited her relations in Aberdeenshire. He is the only peer with an Irish-American intonation, which in his Parisian twin, Frank Burke Roche, is doubled. Lord Glentanar had a stag party at the forest of that ilk, including Lords Haddington and Digby, the latter being Lady Rosebery's brother-in-law and annual escort to Musselburgh races. I hope colleagues will refrain from describing this delightful meeting, known locally as "twice round the gas works" as "the Ascot of the North."

More pictures of the Warwick races will appear in our next issue.

THE RE-OPENING OF



LORD CHURSTON AND HIS SISTER, LADY CADOGAN



SIR JOHN CAREW-POLE AND LADY CHURSTON

THE CAFÉ DE PARIS



THE HON. DROGO MONTAGU AND MISS ANN CRITCHLEY



LORD MILFORD HAVEN AND MRS. DE COPET



LORD WESTMORLAND, LADY VICTOR PAGET AND THE HON. MRS. MONTAGU



THE HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER AND MR. J. INNES

London's Café de Paris re-opened last week in the proper gala manner, and almost every table accommodated well-knowns. One large and mainly family gathering included Lord and Lady Churston, two of Lord Churston's sisters, the Hon. Denise Yarde-Buller and Lady Cadogan, and Lord Cadogan, the young Joint-Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade). Sir John Carew-Pole, who is in the 3rd Battn. Coldstream Guards, was another member of this party. Many splendidly sun-browned faces were to be seen. One belonged to Miss Ann Critchley, Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley's daughter, who is only just back from Canada. Miss Critchley was with the Drogo Montagus, Lady Victor Paget and Lord Westmorland, now—to the great delight of his innumerable friends—quite strong and hearty again, after being terribly ill in the spring. Lord Milford Haven, whose father was that very famous Admiral of the Fleet, was himself in the Senior Service from 1914 to 1932, and was present at the battles of Heligoland, Dogger Bank and Jutland; his brother, Lord Louis Mountbatten, is now a captain and at the Admiralty in the Naval Air Division. Lady Moira Forbes, who is to be found in the bottom right-hand group, is Lord and Lady Granard's elder daughter.



LADY MOIRA FORBES, MR. KEN HOMAN, MRS. M. STRATTON, AND MR. McCALL, NOT FORGETTING THE MAGNUM

Photographs: Swaebe



HOLLYWOOD OFF DUTY

Some of Mrs. Basil Rathbone's guests at a more or less recent and very cheery revel given to Hollywood and his wife. Left to right above are Mrs. Harry Lachmann, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, the hostess, Gregory Ratoff, of film and stage fame, and Madame Kmara, who is a Russian singer

THE admirable entertainment at the New Gallery consists of a lively film about a Japanese detective entitled *Think Fast, Mr. Moto*, and the very fine British picture entitled *The Edge of the World*, the edge in question being one of the Orkney Islands. All the time I was sitting in the cinema I kept wondering where before I had come across this extraordinary juxtaposition of Japan and Orkney. Halfway home I exclaimed, "Eureka!" Arrived home I turned up Boswell's "Johnson," and found the passage which had been plaguing me. Here it is, and I shall not apologise for quoting it because it is much more amusing than anything else which the reader is likely to find on this page:—

He then spoke of St. Kilda, the most remote of the Hebrides. I told him I thought of buying it. JOHNSON: "Pray do, Sir. We will go and pass a winter amid the blasts there. We shall have fine fish, and we will take some dried tongues with us, and some books. We will have a strong built vessel, and some Orkney men to navigate her. We must build a tolerable house: but we may carry with us a wooden house ready made, and requiring nothing but to be put up. Consider, Sir, by buying St. Kilda, you may keep the people from falling into worse hands. We must give them a clergyman, and he shall be one of Beattie's choosing. He shall be educated at Marischal College. I'll be your Lord Chancellor, or what you please." BOSWELL: "Are you serious, Sir, in advising me to buy St. Kilda? for if you should advise me to go to Japan, I believe I should do it." JOHNSON: "Why yes, Sir, I am serious." BOSWELL: "Why then, I'll see what can be done."

There is an old story about a Jew who at the time of Mr. Gladstone's campaign against the Bulgarian atrocities desired to dissociate himself from any agitation in the matter: "If a man will be an Armenian he should know what to expect!" Similarly, I remember a Jew friend of mine saying after we had been together to see *Man of Aran*: "I have no sympathy with these people. If they don't like living there they should go somewhere else!" *The Edge of the World* shows a number of islanders leaving Hirta in the Orkneys and going to live on the mainland.

Here is the place to make a protest against the ridiculous lack of programmes in this otherwise delightful cinema. By programmes I do not mean a booklet containing Beauty Hints, Confessions, Film Anecdotes, Biographies of Stars, Dog Suggestions, Women's Fashions, and Cookery Recipes. All that is wanted is one sheet of paper containing the names of the characters and the actors. It is really quite simple. When I was an office-boy we had a small machine which turned with a handle and printed things in blue ink. It was called a cyclo-something or other. Its use presents no difficulty. Indeed, it can be handled by any young woman with sufficient intelligence to use a lipstick and to see that her false eyelashes don't fall off. It would cost, I suppose, the initial outlay on the machine, interest on the outlay, a certain amount of paper, and a bonus to one of the programme-girls who could be told off to work it for an hour every morning. In the absence of such a slip of paper I can rely only upon a not

THE CINEMA

A Programme Without a Programme

By JAMES AGATE

very great facility for spotting fairly well-known players and obviously none at all for spotting the unknown. As for the characters I must remain entirely in the dark, since I refuse to wade through those lists of names as big as a small directory which usher in every film. I am reduced, therefore, to saying that the present picture tells the story of Boy, Girl, Girl's Brother, and Girl's Father. The last of these is the boss of the small island whose population and prosperity are rapidly dwindling. Girl's Brother has already spent a season on the mainland in which he has earned as many pounds as, if he had stayed at home, he would have earned shillings. The film looks for some time as though it were going to develop into one of those dreary affairs about arresting the march of progress. The reader knows the sort of thing I mean. People living in the manufacturing town of Slumkettle discover a mountain tarn on whose edges dwell the peaceful population of Dewponds. Slumkettle conceives the notion of enlarging the tarn and making it into a reservoir. Whereupon the elders of Dewponds complain that this will bring not only water-pipes but cinemas in which the maidens of Dewponds who have hitherto tended nothing but sheep will hold the hands of navvies steeped in the vices of Slumkettle. In the end, the oldest elder—and, Heavens! how old he is!—opens the floodgates of the dam and disappears down the largest pipe, while the cinema organ from its major orifice belches forth a salmon-pink version of *Land of Hope and Glory*. It is advisable, though not absolutely essential, that the oldest elder should be played by Mr. Herbert Lomas.

Now let us return to the Orkneys, where for the moment this path is not being followed.

What is happening is that Girl falls in love with Boy. Whereby, rather obscurely, Boy and Girl's Brother engage in a rock-climbing competition to decide whether the latter shall have his way in modernising the island or leave it in the clutch of the old-fashioned conservatism of Girl's Father. Girl's Brother is killed, and Boy presently decides that he must leave the island, though this does not happen until he has presented Girl with Baby. Presently Baby gets diphtheria, Boy comes back from the mainland in a storm with a doctor, and we find that for an hour we have been wholly absorbed in an extremely moving and natural little story.

In the end, Girl's Father arranges for the whole island to be evacuated, since he is now persuaded that there are not enough men left on it to make life there feasible. But that is not quite the end. Though there are no floodgates and waterpipes on Hirta, there are rock-faces and ropes. Girl's Father, on some flimsy pretext of searching for a guillemot's egg, ensures a tragic close by means of the fraying-rope trick.

This film does enormous credit to whatever English firm produced it. In the absence of a programme I can only guess that it is an English production, though I am inclined to think that if it had been made in Hollywood the parts of Boy and Girl would have been played by Joel McCrea and Maureen O'Sullivan. Boy in the present instance is presented, always presuming I guess right, by Mr. Niall MacGinnis, Girl by a young lady so blameless as to be entirely unremarkable, Girl's Brother by a goodish young actor whom I am unable to identify, Girl's Father by Mr. John Laurie in what seems to me to be the best performance he has ever given, and, I must not forget, Boy's Father, by Mr. Finlay Currie, an actor who has yet to give a performance less than excellent.

The photography throughout *The Edge of the World* is superb. Music is provided by the ladies of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir, who appear to have been caught in the act of rehearsing for *Mary Rose*.

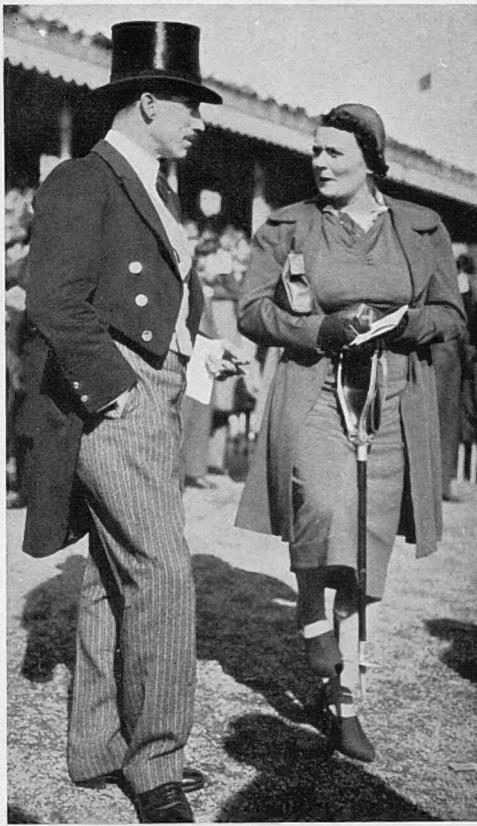
The film is prefaced by the first-class detective-thriller alluded to above, which I am glad to learn is the first of a series, and which has a remarkable performance by Mr. Peter Lorre as Mr. Moto. And, in short, I very much enjoyed my exciting and moving, if programme-less, afternoon.

J. A.

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN HUNT AND WESTERN MEETING AT AYR



SIR DUNCAN HAY OF HAYSTOUN, MISS ANNE COATS AND MISS ISABEL WALKER



LORD INVERCLYDE AND MRS. GEORGE HENEAGE EXCHANGING NEWS



CAPTAIN THE HON. F. MONTGOMERIE AND CAPTAIN PIERS PLOWDEN



MRS. QUINTIN GILBEY WITH VISCOUNTESS MILTON



LADY CLAUD HAMILTON AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS PAMELA NEWALL



MISS C. MORE-MOLYNEUX WITH COLONEL WALLACE CUNINGHAME

Members of the Royal Caledonian Hunt are easy to distinguish when they go racing at Ayr, for this venerable Hunt Club has its own special hunt coat with velvet collar and brass buttons. Readers will have no difficulty in spotting the members appearing here. Lord Inverclyde, seen talking to the chatelaine of Killochan Castle, is one of H.M.'s Bodyguard for Scotland. Sir Duncan Hay of Haystoun and Colonel Wallace Cuninghame are also members of this famous Company of Archers. Colonel Wallace Cuninghame, formerly Life Guards, is the fifteenth Laird of Caprington. Captain the Hon. "Frankie" Montgomerie is Lord Eglinton's only brother. Feminine racegoers at the Royal Caledonian Hunt and Western Meeting included Sir Ian Walker's cousin, Miss Isabel Walker Mrs. "Quinney" Gilbey and Lord Fitzwilliam's daughter-in-law; Miss Christobel More-Molyneux from Yorkshire, and Lady Claud Hamilton, who brought her schoolgirl daughter by her first marriage. Lady Claud Hamilton's husband is Comptroller and Treasurer to Queen Mary



AT THE IRISH LEGER
AT THE CURRAGH

Two English colts finished in front in the Irish Leger and some people did not seem to be very elated by this further injustice to Ould Oireland! In the above picture are the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, whose husband is the well-known trainer, Mrs. Peter Kennedy her sister-in-law, and Mr. Gerald Annesley, a well-known owner and the son of Lady Mabel Annesley. He married Lord and Lady Roden's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Jocelyn

FOR those who don't go to the Western meeting at Ayr the racing hiatus after Doncaster is a slow period. For those who do it is great fun, good racing and very comfortable. The results at Doncaster were fairly instructive for future racing, especially as regards the Cæsarewitch. Glancing through the weights it would seem that in a year when the three-year-olds are so bad Suzerain, who was an unlucky loser at Doncaster, must have a chance even with 9st. 1lb. Maranta and Senor, as fourth and fifth in the Leger with only a head between them, can't be badly in on the 7st. 7lb. mark. The former made practically the whole of the running in the Leger, and when they got to him, far from compounding, he ran on most gamely right to the end. These seem to be the class horses in the race, but the question is whether the class is high enough.

Radiant ran a great race on the last day, and it really looks as though Miss Paget had got hold of a useful filly in this one. Practically everything in the race was fancied and, though I couldn't see it, some said the filly was unlucky.

Poor old Shalfleet was unlucky with all his weight not to put up a record by winning the Coronation Plate for the third year in succession. The Doncaster executive are to be congratulated on the conditions of this race, the entry fee for which works out at 10s. per cent.

Horses seemed to make quite their value at the sales, but the totals were down on last year. What a lottery the whole thing is. The high-class breeder produces a string that has cost him a fortune in the hopes of getting a larger fortune in return. While the name of the stud and the breeding generally sells them, such trivialities as the foreign situation or the tone of the Stock Exchange may make a difference of twenty-five per cent. in their prices. With the utmost



ALSO AT THE CURRAGH

In the picture are, left to right, Miss Kitty Combe (more than somewhat concealed), who is a sister of Lady Castlereagh, Lord Antiin, Mrs. Dominic More O'Ferrall, Lady Antrim and Miss Diana Battye. Sir Thomas Dixon's Owenstown won the Irish St. Leger from Mr. W. Barnett's Senor

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

expenditure and careful breeding they may not have a winner among them of any consequence for several years. On the other side of the medal, take the Irish gentleman who, wishing to start a stud, asked a very shrewd judge to buy him three mares. I think I am right in saying that the three cost under £300 the lot; they were, I believe, all supposed to be barren, and they foaled Finalist, Puzzler and Godolphin, while the half-sister to Finalist by Felstead made about sixteen hundred guineas this year. There is no question that in racing "beginner's luck" always seems to hold good. One never seems to hear of a trainer having a bad year for his first, young owners are generally lucky, and it is the ease with which schoolboys for a start back winners that keeps Tattersall's Committee and Carey Street working overtime. Probably the thing to do is to change one's name by deed poll, don a small pointed beard and start all over again.

Jumping has started again and it is with reverence that I doff my hat to those braves who ride fat horses on ground like asphalt into the last fence as though it were only a mist wraith. Steeplechasing is the best of sports, and it is a pity that the filthy climate in which it is indulged cuts down attendances and, therefore, stakes. Racing is, however, lucky that only fog, cloud-bursts and frost interfere with it. Has it ever struck you what an influence wind has on everything else?

Yachting is self-evident; think of that gusty upstream wind fishing, stalking is entirely governed by it, hunting is made or marred by it, shooting is largely dependent on it, and flying and rabbit golf are affected. What a pity that none of the fifteen clues on every page of the Sunday papers are applicable.

The Wentworth Woodhouse Sweepstakes becomes more interesting, and with bigger fields each year. I am not entirely sure of the conditions of the race, but if it is confined to members of the Doncaster house party and the house is filled the race will have better entries than the Derby. For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with this noble pile, I may state that it is about two sizes larger than Lots Road power station. That once a quarter the housekeeper goes round with St. Bernards looking for lost guests.

Conditions in the sporting world have eased considerably.

The other day a near relative of mine, fossicking in a junk-shop, happened to notice an old trophy of the cock-fighting days. It included a copy on parchment of the rules of cock-fighting, and the treatment of "knockers" was an outstanding feature. The defaulter was to be "hung up in a basket from the eaves of the pit where all men could see him," and subsequently warned off. There are picturesque possibilities in this; a valance of ruined punters swinging in the breeze should be an addition to the architectural qualities of many of our race stands. Nothing of this grand old custom now remains except the name of the basket, which, in a corrupted form, is frequently applied to the "knocker" by bookmakers.

I will, out of my own pocket, produce a prize of two guineas for the best name sent in for the filly by "Young Lover"—"Home Again," bought for the above event next year by Sir Melville Ward. Entries to close to "Guardrail," TATLER Office, 32, St. Bride Street, E.C., by Saturday, October 4, marked "Young Lover." The Editor's decision to be final.

FROM DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY



THE GENTLEMEN OF IRELAND XI. v. NEW ZEALAND

The team which was beaten by eight wickets on the Leinster ground, Rathmines, in the first encounter with the New Zealanders. The names are (front row, sitting, l. to r.): Messrs. E. A. Ingram (Ealing and Leinster), B. E. Bergin (Pembroke), J. C. Boucher (Phoenix; captain), N. H. Lambert (Leinster), C. R. Cuffe (Dublin University); (back row, standing, l. to r.): Messrs. F. Quinn (Phoenix), J. H. Barnes (Armagh), R. J. Barnes (Armagh), E. D. R. Shearer (City of Derry), J. B. Ganly (Phoenix), and F. G. Connell (Leinster)



SIR ALASDAIR MCROBERT AT THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR GRAND PRIX



THE IRISH OPEN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP :

MR. JOHN FITZSIMMONS (ANTRIM), WINNER, AND
MR. R. A. MCKENNA (SCOTLAND), RUNNER-UP

Dublin has been kept very busy of late between the cricket *v.* New Zealand at Rathmines, where the invaders proved very formidable, the motor-racing at the International Grand Prix in Phoenix Park, and the Irish Open Amateur Golf Championship over the Royal Dublin links at Dollymount. In this department old Ireland held her own, for Mr. John Fitzsimmons (Breakfoot, Co. Antrim) beat Mr. McKenna, from Gullane, by 4 and 3 over the thirty-six holes. As to the motoring, Sir Alasdair McRobert, seen getting into his M.G. "Magnette," was sixth in the 100 miles handicap, which was won by Davy Yule, a Dublin man, in a C.M.Y. Special, which is basically a Morris "Eight" supercharged. Prince Birabongse ("Mr. B. Bira") was second in that race and also in the scratch 100 miles to Raymond Mays. The Prince averaged 105.01 for the full distance in the handicap and did one lap at 107.28—two records for the course. The Hon. Peter Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's younger son, was competing, and Billy Cotton, of dance-band fame, who has been performing at the Gaiety, Dublin, was third in an E.R.A. in the scratch race



Poole, Dublin
PRINCE BIRABONGSE
(INTERNATIONAL GRAND
PRIX)

ALSO AT THE GRAND PRIX: THE HON.
PETERAITKEN AND BILLY COTTON

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Sophisticated Fantasy.

SOMEHOW or other, as I was reading Mr. Michael Arlen's most entertaining new volume of short stories, "The Crooked Coronet" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), I had the impression that I was sitting at a new, smart, and very sophisticated West-End revue. One of those revues where the stalls are seventeen shillings and sixpence, there is a small and not very well-filled pit, and the "run" is a glorious hundred performances, followed by few sudden "last nights." Briefly, a book for the highly sophisticated minority; but not one likely to be seen reclining on a fat lap on Margate beach, or elsewhere where the Many congregate in hot and happy herds—three bodies to a pebble.

The sub-title, "Misrepresentations of the real facts of life," sums it up nicely. Do the Many enjoy most of all such misrepresentations? They do. But they must be the misrepresentations of an under-housemaid's "dream-come-true," not the misrepresentations of a witty raconteur keeping a Mayfair luncheon-party wickedly amused. In each case the Facts of Life are so very different, and so misrepresentations of each must be cock-eyed in a different manner. Mr. Arlen's "life" is essentially Mayfair, reached *via* the Blue Train, and dumped down at the Berkeley. The first story is amusing, but not the best. It concerns a very beautiful, a very exclusive, and almost numbingly aristocratic woman who is politely blackmailed by a mysterious gentleman who calls himself the Cavalier of the Streets. For every illicit love-affair in which the lady indulges, she must pay him one hundred pounds. Which, as she indulges in them often—and at the same time can still get away with her social importance and aristocratic exclusiveness—would have meant a tidy sum for the gentleman—more, perhaps, a Roundhead of the Streets than a Cavalier. Why it does not, provides the story's *clou*. Personally, however, I thought the blackmailer quite unnecessary, except to provide an amusing story. As the lady concentrated entirely upon married men and men engaged to be married, one would have thought that the wives and fiancées would have kept her in her moral place—by the threat of scandal, if by nothing more noisily resembling a rumpus.

Nor is the second story any more than a most entertaining item of revue. But at least the mother of the "Richest Girl in the World," Mrs. Appledooley, quits the stage and becomes as one with the audience. She was "what you might call a pessimistic philosopher, for she not only expected the worst, but she made the worst of it when it happened." "The Bearded Golfer" is also good "story"—though all of them are that. Simply because, without being actually witty—at least, not with those shafts of wit which made the old salons seem such gems of intellectuality to those who now are dragged merely to cocktail-parties—the humour is so sly, yet penetrating, that you read every line with delighted expectancy, even when you are not thrilled by the people or the plot.

"Storm over Piccadilly" is perhaps the best in the collection. It concerns the "vamping" by an American adventuress of a young but staid, happily married Englishman, and how she got from him the pearl necklace which was his most precious family

heirloom at a moment when he was taking it for its annual restrunging to a jeweller in Bond Street. Only it turned out that the precious family heirloom was really only an impious fake—though how and why it is so would spoil a most amusing story to tell you.

"The Caddish Lady's Maid" is an old theme re-related in a novel manner; and so is "The Old School Tie," the story of how a sportsman's "widow" brought

her husband back into bed in spite of an important golf match on the morrow. "The Agreeable Widower," on the other hand, is such a good "murder story" that it could easily, and perhaps with advantage, have been elaborated into a full-length novel. I have mentioned, however, only half of the stories contained in Mr. Arlen's new book. You must certainly read it, because you will surely be entertained by it. I can guarantee that, especially if your mind be not "love-story-and-film" bemused, it will make you chuckle to yourself—it is not a "laugh-out-loud" book, thank goodness—every time you open it and read, maybe, only half a page. It is, briefly, a sophisticated entertainment at its most entertaining best.

A Bleaker Side of Life.

"The Earliest Dreams" (Lovat Dickson and Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.), by Nancy Hale, is also a volume of stories, though it resembles Mr. Arlen's collection at not a single point. They portray a far bleaker side of life, and, although all are interesting, there isn't a smile in any one of them. The story which gives the book its title is rather an impression of a moment in childhood than anything more definite. It consists of the queer jumble of recollections in the mind of a child lying cosily in bed, listening to the sounds downstairs and trying to puzzle out such problems as why grown-ups seem to laugh so much more from a respect for etiquette than because they are really amused. Otherwise, most of the stories concentrate on the tragedy of frustration due to physical illness. Most impressive of all, so far as I am concerned, is the one entitled "The Rider Was Lost." It is the story of a healthy, commonplace, unimaginative married couple, who live for sport and for each other. Then tragedy breaks down their happy partnership. The wife is the victim of a hunting accident, which necessitates a long period in hospital, where she fights a losing battle for recovery. And all the time she is tormented by the thought that her husband is unfaithful to her. Yet she cannot know unless he confesses his guilt. And so she tries to trap him into confession, the while

(Continued on page 522)



MR. J. WENTWORTH DAY

Whose book "Sporting Adventure" has just been published by Harrap. The above picture was taken in the author's private duck sanctuary at Adventurer's Farm, Cambridgeshire. It is the haunt of many rare birds, including even the black-necked grebe



MISS N. BRYSSON MORRISON

Whose new book, "When the Wind Blows," was recently published by Collins. Miss Morrison is a daughter of the late Mrs. Arthur Morrison, the inventor of "flag days." Her previous book, "The Gowk Storm," had a good success. "March Cost," Miss Morrison's sister, is also a novelist, and is the author of two good books "A Man Named Luke" and "The Dark Glass."



THE 21ST (ROYAL GLOUCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS) ARMOURED CAR COMPANY

Dennis Moss

A group taken of the O.C. this unit, Major E. P. Butler, and officers at Wallingford Camp. The Duke of Beaufort is the Honorary Colonel. The names are (l. to r., standing): 2nd Lieut. Lingard Guthrie, 2nd Lieut. J. Harper, 2nd Lieut. the Earl St. Aldwyn, Lieut. Lord de Clifford, 2nd Lieut. R. Perkins, Lieut. W. Hicks Beach; (sitting): the Rev. J. Lowe (Chaplain), Capt. J. S. Sinnott, Major Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., Major E. P. Butler, T.D., Capt. P. S. Lowsley Williams, Capt. M. Braybrooks (R.A.M.C.), Capt. A. T. Smail (Adjutant), 11th Hussars

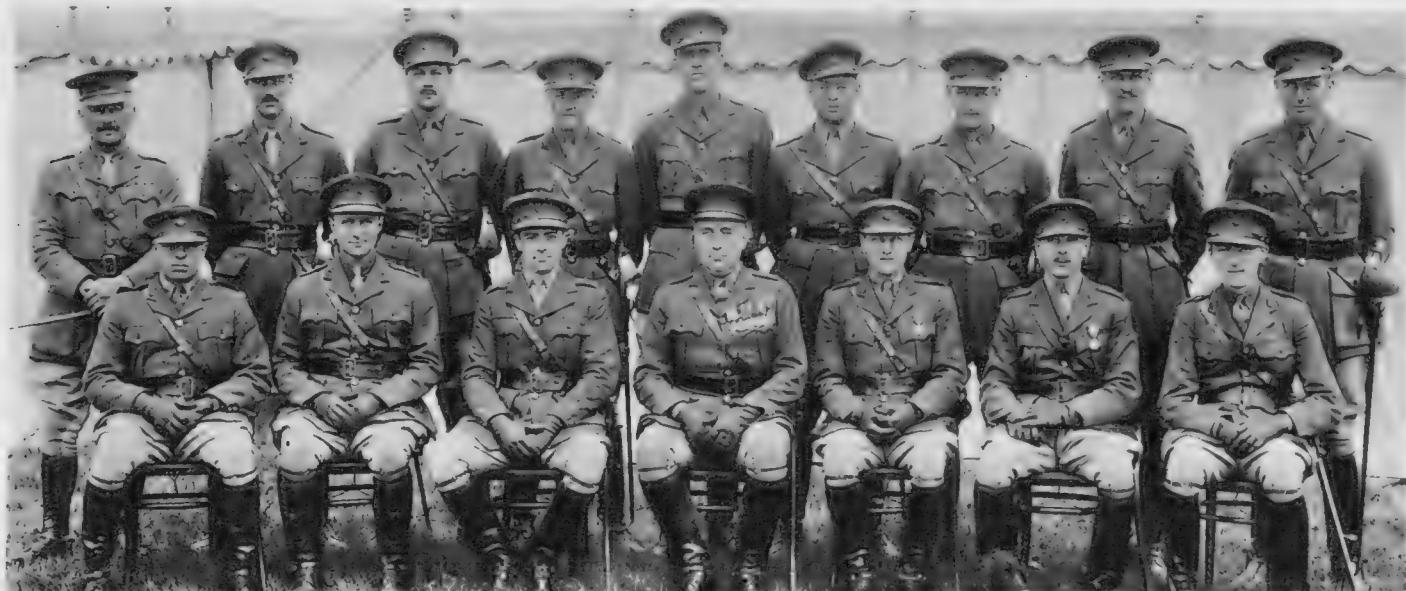


THE ROYAL WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY AT BROCKINGTON FARM

Dennis Moss

This is one of the few Yeomanry units left on its horses, and the above group was taken during their recent training at Brockington, near Wimbourne, Hants. Their Colonel-in-Chief is the King and the Hon. Colonel is the Marquess of Bath

The names in the above group are (front row, l. to r.): Lieut. C. E. Awdry, Lieut. Lord Ashley, Major P. W. Pitt, Major D. G. Williams, Captain and Adjutant F. F. B. St. George (Life Guards), Col. E. P. Awdry, M.C., T.D., Major H. J. Nicholson, M.C., T.D., Major O. St. M. Thynne, Capt. A. M. Gibb, Lieut. Viscount Weymouth, Lieut. C. H. F. Fuller; (back row): Lieut. J. F. Brown, Capt. M. Bridgman (R.A.V.C.) (T.A.), Lieut. H. Blount, Lieut. the Hon. A. E. G. Herbert, Lieut. T. Gibbs, Lieut. and Quartermaster F. A. Riddiford, Lieut. E. F. Spicer, Lieut. H. C. Awdry, Lieut. F. A. G. Blackwood, Lieut. the Earl Cadogan, and Capt. C. L. Broomhead (R.A.M.C.)



THE 2ND CAVALRY (MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY) DIVISIONAL SIGNALS

Potter

A group taken at Brookfield Park, Lyminster, Sussex, of the O.C., Major G. S. Sale and officers when in camp during their recent training. The names are (back row, l. to r.): Major Cherry (Quartermaster), 2nd Lieut. G. A. Watson, 2nd Lieut. D. Baird-Murray, 2nd Lieut. J. G. Potter, Lieut. J. F. Prideaux, 2nd Lieut. P. Hackforth-Jones, 2nd Lieut. S. Delmare-Morgan, Capt. H. R. V. Cook (Royal Corps Signals), 2nd Lieut. the Hon. H. W. McGowan; (front row, l. to r.): Lieut. Viscount Malden, Capt. M. L. Formby (R.A.M.C.), Capt. L. F. Messel, Major G. S. Sale, Capt. J. S. Judd, Capt. P. Wainman (Royal Corps Signals), Lieut. W. P. Doyle

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

she torments herself with suspicion and doubts. At last she comes near to alienating his love for her. Perhaps, as a collection of stories, there is too little hope in them, too little laughter. They are varied in incident, but the background of the majority is the background of frustration and secret despair. Nevertheless, they interest you; they are memorable. Memorable if only for the fact that the writer has managed to catch that everyday, commonplace, tragic atmosphere of life which nobody talks about, most people hide, but which tinges even the outwardly most fortunate existence with that greyness which, as we grow older, seems part of the inevitable pattern of human life.

Possessed by the Family.

Mr. Karlton Kelm's novel, "Brother" (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), is the story of a male "worm" who was turned, rather than did the turning for himself. If Judith, a woman from Chicago who was trying to divorce her very nasty husband, had not come into his life, he would undoubtedly have remained the willing prey of his three possessive sisters. Most women, I suppose, are by nature either tyrants or too-willing slaves. William Maisley's sisters had concentrated their lives upon him, holding him down by moral obligation as well as by affection. They liked to remember all the sacrifices they had made on his behalf, and, of course, secretly adored their own heroism. Kate had given up her lover in order that she might "mother" her orphan brother. Ellen's marriage had been postponed until after the war, but her lover had been killed. Hope, the third sister, had become a hopeless invalid, due to an act of boyish carelessness. Her brother had driven her too near a street-car. So to all three he owed, or they liked to think he owed, a lifelong debt.

On the strength of this obligation they completely possessed his life, keeping him entirely for themselves. Whenever William showed signs of gaining a little masculine liberty, they frustrated it, bringing up the love they gave him and the obligations which he owed them as first and second lines of offence. Then Judith arrived on the scene. She and William fell in love. The three sisters were, of course, ranged against her. So was the town, where a strong Roman Catholic element condemned any idea of marriage after Judith had divorced her husband. Even when Judith's husband conveniently shoots himself, the lovers are still in the wood. Nevertheless, a supreme battle must be fought, and so the three sisters summon Judith to a family conclave. It is a tremendous battle, which so works upon the emotion of Hope, the invalid sister, that she confesses to Judith that her love for her brother has been no sisterly devotion, but the passion of a woman for a man. Was the confession the terrible symptom of a neurotic mind approaching madness? We are never actually told. But, at any rate, it frightens William so much that he asserts his own independence at last, and flees with Judith from his sisters and his home. The story ends with the three women left alone in the old house—despairing, desolate,



A LOVELY SUSSEX HOUSE: RAYMOND MASSEY'S "ROSINGS FARM"

Raymond Massey, the unscrupulous Richelieu of the film "Under the Red Robe," owns this charming little house near Horsham, in Sussex. The roof, it will be noticed, is of the pleasing "Horsham Tiles." This is a local type of stone of excellent qualities; its only limitation is its weight, and this is the reason for the small and narrow gabling of the roof, which is thus better fitted to bear its load

with the one being who was the sole pivot of any kind of life they possessed vanished and gone for good. There is something a little repugnant about the theme, but it interests one simply because it is by no means an uncommon tragedy in real life, where to concentrate our whole existence on one person is as bad for the one who concentrates as it is for the object of his or her obsession. The result is nearly always calamitous for both, and even in its prime is ignominious. This is an unusual story—not for the mentally young.

Thrillers Out of the Ordinary.

"The Camp-Meeting Murders" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), by Vance and Nancy Clemens, and "Cry Aloud for Murder" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by Paul McGuire, are two out-of-the-ordinary thrillers, though the former is by far the more unusual. The scene is laid in one of those quiet, backwater little American towns in which the inhabitants are at once unsophisticated yet naturally shrewd. Into this little town there descends the "Reverend" James Berger—one of those faith-healing preachers of doubtful theology who appeal so strongly to the more neurotic side of many women. He conducted his services at night in a neighbouring wood, and so successfully did he "work up" the feminine side of his congregations that very soon the women of Durgenville were all suffering from religious hysteria. Some felt a "call" to follow the preacher and leave their husbands, while one died because the "Reverend" Berger persuaded her to rely on Faith and forego an urgent operation.

The result was that, when the faith-healer was discovered shot dead, very few people in Durgenville felt the least regret. It was, however, no usual bullet. It was made of silver, and a silver bullet, according to local superstition, implied a belief in witchcraft. So the local prosecutor concentrated on this belief and, as a consequence, arrested a young man—not because suspicion fell upon him strongly, but because in the case of a murder someone has to be arrested to gain time. While the youth is in prison, however, another murder is committed and a third attempted. In fact, so many strange things happen that it says much for the ingenuity of the authors that the mystery is at last convincingly cleared up. But the most unusual quality it possesses is that we are as interested in the scene and the people as we are in the strange incidents which make the tale so exciting as a story. On the other hand, Mr. McGuire's "thriller" depends more on the crime's solution than on its picture of men and women

in the midst of disturbing incidents. Chestnut Grove, however, was as peaceful as Durgenville until, at a cocktail-party, the parlourmaid, Elsie Race, was found murdered. The town's only excitement up to that moment had been gossip and one another's business. But the worst of the gossip this case aroused was that it implicated nearly all the more respectable inhabitants of Chestnut Grove. How the crime was eventually brought home to the criminal is well thought out. Consequently the mystery is excitingly mysterious almost to the very end. Both books are excellent "thrillers."



IN "CREST OF THE WAVE": DOROTHY DICKSON (HONEY WORTLE)
AND WALTER CRISHAM (FREDDIE LAYTON)

THE GREAT SHOW AT DRURY LANE



DOROTHY DICKSON AND IVOR NOVELLO, THE IMPOVERISHED
DUKE OF CHEVIOT



ENA BURRILL (THE WICKED WOMAN) TELLS MARIE LÖHR
(THE DOWAGER DUCHESS) HOW TO PLAY THE CASTANETS

Ivor Novello's new show—fully dealt with by our dramatic critic and also on the front page—ought to be a warning to any Duke with a castle not to sell it to a gunman's daughter. She (Ena Burrill in this case) puts some slugs into him because he has fallen in love with the entrancing little "extra" film girl (Dorothy Dickson). All, of course, comes out right in the end. Dorothy Dickson's playing and dancing are quite super, and she is seen above dancing a mazurka in the Rio scene with that fine exponent, Walter Crisham. Marie Löhr, as Virginia, Duchess of Cheviot, adopts quite the right air when dealing with the gangster's wicked daughter who has bought the castle.



Photo: Angus McBean
THE GANGSTER'S DAUGHTER (ENA BURRILL)
SHOOTS THE DUKE—BUT ONLY WINGS HIM

CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

YOU may recall reading in Lord Castlerosse's column in the *Sunday Express* a few weeks ago some comments, favourable in the extreme, on the subject of the links at Ballybunion. With these comments, having just visited the course in the company of the same writer, I am now delighted to concur. Ballybunion (what a name!) is a major golf-course, situated, alas, in a minor place. It is in a little, inaccessible village on the south-west coast of Ireland, some 23 miles below the new Atlantic air base at Foynes, the growth and prosperity of which may ultimately put it "on the map." At the moment, a passing diversion is to be obtained from watching the Clippers come in from the New World.

The golf course at Ballybunion is supremely fine. Despite the fact that it measures but 6380 yards—more than 700 yards shorter than Carnoustie and Hoylake at full stretch—it remains quite undefeated by the modern ball and the amateur record stands at 75, the reason being that, although the turf is truly "seaside," there is but little run on the ball and the greens are for the most part constructed in such a manner that you have to arrive at them full pitch. Little oases in the giant sandhills, they offer but scant opportunity of pitching short and then running on.

It is a fact that from most seaside courses one cannot, except at rare intervals, see the sea; St. Andrews, Hoylake, Deal, Princes, Royal St. Georges, Birkdale, and Lytham being obvious and distinguished examples. Much of the charm of Ballybunion comes from the fact that almost all the time one can see, hear, and smell the ocean—that indeed on several occasions one can drive into it. In fact, as my host put it, if you only sliced far enough, you would pitch on Long Island, for there is nothing in between.

Another of the charms of the place is that it offers a series of *inviting* shots. Hoylake, a merciless examination in golf if ever there was one, offers no help to the struggling player—almost dares him to do the hole in four. At Ballybunion,

on the other hand, when an ailment in the back compelled me to give up after four or five holes, I found myself frequently constrained, in walking round the rest of the course, to say "Here, give me a club; I've simply got to play this one."

It is great fun, too, in these days to find a course still in its natural state, ungroomed, unpolished and un-manicured, as so many seaside courses now are. One wants to go out and play it with seven clubs—and a higher tribute I could not possibly pay. At any rate, if you are ever in the west of Ireland, mark it down for a visit, and make a note that they will look after you well at the Castle Hotel.

Returning home, as it were, in spirit if not yet in body, I notice that Pamela Barton's book, over which there was all the trouble, is now out. It proves to be a pleasant and readable little volume, incorporating one excellent idea, of which someone ought to have thought before. You remember those little "flickers" of famous players, generally Bobby Jones, that one used to buy some years ago? Flicking them over in one's fingers, one saw a sort of motion picture of Jones executing a stroke.

Miss Barton has managed to squeeze four "flickers" of herself into the book by printing little photographs, taken from a film, on the edge of the pages of her book, two shots on the right-hand pages and two on the left. They work extremely well and are most instructive. My only criticism is that the drive and the spoon shot are to all intents and purposes the same, and that she ought to have treated us to a four-foot putt instead of one of them. Still, that's a minor point.

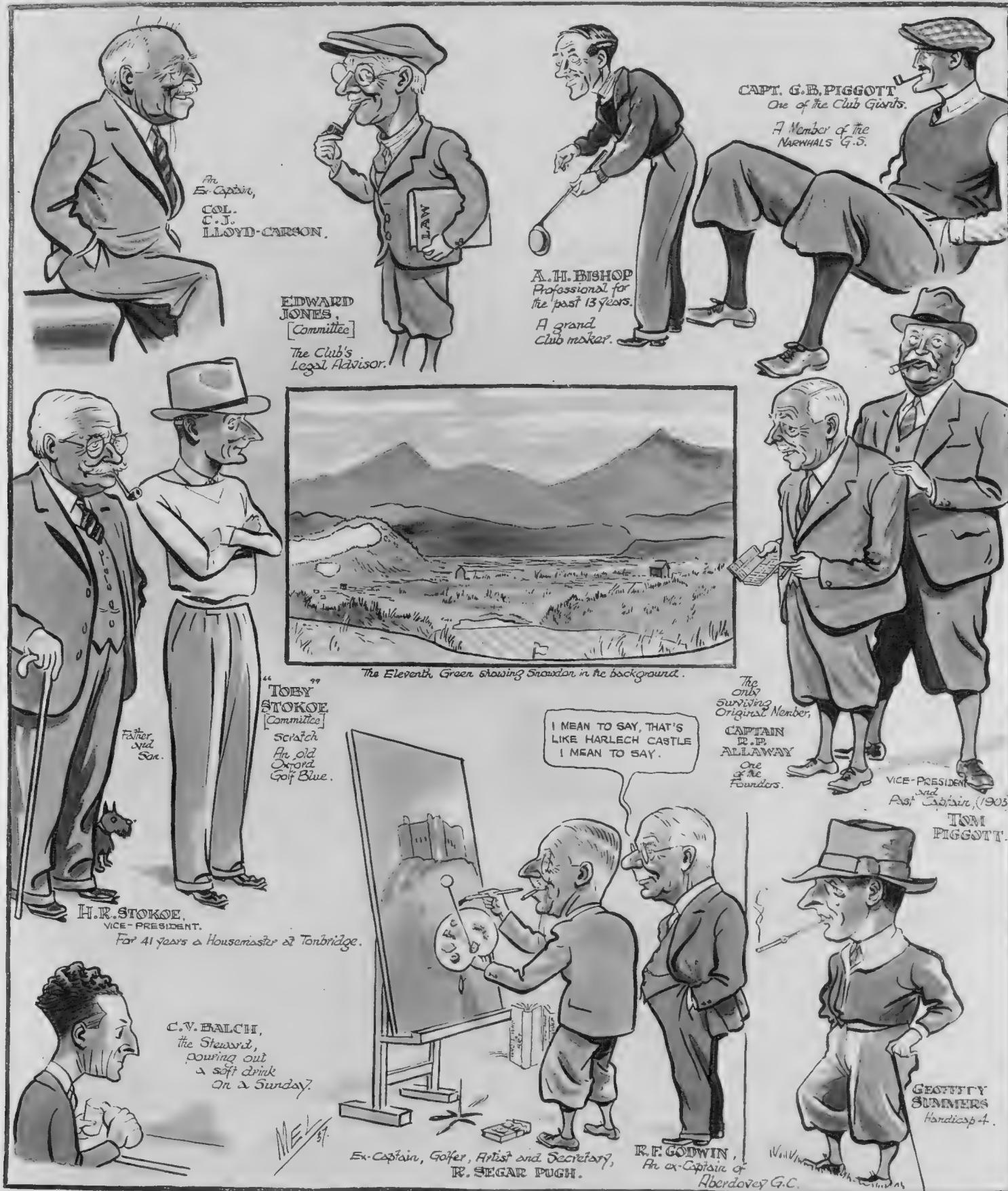
The rest of the book consists of a description of eighteen holes from courses all over the world, so chosen that in describing the manner of playing each she contrives to include a description of every shot in the bag. The book is frankly instructional, but, as I have ventured to remark before, why not?



DOLGELLEY GOLF CLUB—THE "TENTH" HOLE: BY "MEL"

Though the small nine-hole course may not be comparable with the long courses with which most golfers are familiar, many experts give it full marks because, other attractions quite apart, every hole is different. It is twenty miles from Harlech and ten miles from Barmouth, in Merionethshire. In the above record of personalities collected by "Mel" are (l. to r.): Mr. E. A. Williams, the club's representative on the Merioneth County Golf Union; Mr. W. T. Idris, who is also a member of South Herts.; Miss J. Roberts (Ladies' Hon. Sec.), Mr. J. Williams (Hon. Sec.), Mr. O. P. Hughes (captain), Mr. E. J. Chase, President, North Wales Golf Union; Mrs. A. M. Rees (lady captain), Mr. W. G. Jones (Hon. Treasurer), and Lewis James, the professional

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



ROYAL ST. DAVID'S GOLF CLUB, HARLECH—By "MEL"

Royal St. David's Golf Club, Harlech, lies among some of the most beautiful scenery in the British Isles, and from a point above the southern end of the course one gets one of the finest views in the kingdom. The club was formed in 1894 by the Hon. Harold Finch-Hatton, brother of the thirteenth Earl of Winchilsea, who was home on leave from Australia, Mr. W. H. More, who was the first secretary of the club, and one or two others. The only surviving original member is Captain R. P. Allaway, who is among those pictured above. The Club has a very distinguished membership and has had the right to use the prefix, "Royal," since King Edward VII.'s time (1908). King George V. was patron in 1910 and H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor (as Prince of Wales) was Captain in 1934. They are proud of their many trophies, which include the St. David's Gold Cross and the Harlech Town Bowl: both these trophies are made of pure Welsh gold. The President is the Earl of Winchilsea and the present Captain is Captain T. T. P. Powell

LOTS DOING AT GLENEAGLES HOTEL



LT.-COL. GALBRAITH, MRS. PETER WIGGIN, MISS S. HAMBRO, AND MR. WARRE.



MISS MARY BUTLER-HENDERSON, MRS. MARK PILKINGTON, AND MR. R. STOKES



CAPTAIN THE HON. HENRY AND MRS. FITZALAN-HOWARD



MR. T. W. FITZWILLIAM, M.F.H., AND LADY OSSORY

Photographs: Arthur Owen
MR. AND MRS. GODFREY LOCKER-LAMPSON

ON LEFT: CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. STEVENS AND COLONEL W. WILSON

Though Gleneagles Hotel spells golf to most people, quite a large number go there just to meet their friends, and residents are continually being reinforced by Perthshire shooting-parties having a day off from the hill. Mrs. Peter Wiggin, née Learmonth, Miss Susan Hambro, and Mr. Tony Warre were having an after-lunch stroll with Lieut.-Col. J. W. S. Galbraith, who commands the 11th Hussars, when the camera let fly at them. The Hon. Eric Butler-Henderson's daughter and her cousin, Mrs. Mark Pilkington, also took things quietly, but Lord FitzAlan of Derwent's son and daughter-in-law were bent on golfing exercise. Mr. Tom Fitzwilliam, who played a round with Lord Ormonde's daughter-in-law, is Joint-Master, with Lord Fitzwilliam, of the family pack. The Rt. Hon. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, an above-average golfer, was successively Parliamentary Under Secretary of State, Home Department, and Foreign Affairs



PRINCESS ALPHONSE DE CHIMAY

Bassano, Dover Street

Princess Alphonse de Chimay is Irish by birth, being a daughter of Lord Ernest Hamilton and thus a first cousin of H.E. the Governor of Northern Ireland, the Duke of Abercorn. Her marriage to Prince Alphonse de Chimay took place in 1922 and delightful little Countess Louise de Chimay is their only child. The latter, at four years old, finds life a highly satisfactory business. Prince Alphonse de Chimay bears a very distinguished French name, but has spent most of his life in England and is in the Scots Guards Reserve of Officers. Princess Alphonse de Chimay and her husband often stay with her brother-in-law and sister, Sir John and Lady Buchanan-Jardine, at Castle Milk, in Dumfriesshire

AN IRISH PRINCESS

Princess Alphonse de Chimay and her daughter, the Countess Louise de Chimay



COUNTESS LOUISE DE CHIMAY

THE BORDER HUNTS' 'CHASES

LADY MINTO AND
LORD HADDINGTONLADY BRIDGET ELLIOT, MISS DIANA
ELLIOT AND MRS. T. G. TAYLORMR. AND MRS. HENRY TROTTER
CONSIDERING THEIR CARDSMR. AND MRS. JOHN MACKENZIE
OF DOLPHINTONLADY MARY GILMOUR
WITH LADY IRENE HAIGLADY MARGARET EGERTON
AND MR. GALEN THOMPSON

Steeplechasing thus early in the year may seem unfamiliar at first glance, but there are hardy wights who are game to ride over obstacle however hard the falling! Some of the onlookers at the recent United Border Hunts' meeting at Kelso are grouped on this page. Lady Minto was, before her marriage, Miss Marion Cook, of Montreal, her sister, the former Miss Sarah Cook, is the wife of the Earl of Haddington, who is seen with her on another page of this issue. The latter was in the Scots Greys and is a Brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers. Lady Bridget Elliot is Lady Minto's elder daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Trotter were married this year, she was Miss Rona Murray. Mr. John Mackenzie, the Laird of Dolphinton, is a subaltern in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry; his wife is the former Miss Delia Clark. Lady Mary Gilmour is the Duke of Abercorn's eldest daughter; she married Mr. John Gilmour in 1930; her companion, Lady Irene Haig, the daughter of our great Commander-in-Chief of the War period, is a débutante of this year. Lady Mary Egerton is Lord Ellesmere's younger daughter

AT THE WYLYE VALLEY HUNT SHOW



MRS. RUFUS BUCKLEY AND
ESCORT AT HEYTESBURY



TWO COMPETITORS: MISS EILEEN PHIPPS
AND MISS CLARE PHIPPS



JUDGES: MR. TONY COLLINS
AND MAJOR K. P. WALLIS



LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY
AND HER CHILDREN



MISS THALIA GORDON ON "BLACK BEAUTY"
AND MISS ANTHEA GORDON AND "BELINDA"



LADY SYBIL PHIPPS AND
MR. AND MRS. RALPH BANBURY

Gymkhana and Horse Shows are first-class discipline for this time of year, when jumping muscles ought to be put into order for what is to come—and, anyway, whether you make a practice of trying to sit at the jumps or prefer the tarmac, they are excellent fun. This one (pictures above) which the Wylye Valley held in Heytesbury Park was a jolly little show, drew all the locals in the country and was good entertainment. Amongst the actors and audience collected in this page above are Lady Sybil Phipps' two daughters, and their mother, who is a sister of the Duke of Buccleuch, is below with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Banbury. Captain H. R. Phipps, who is one of the Joint-Masters, is a kinsman; Mr. E. K. Collins is the other Master. Miss Thalia Gordon is on a pony that has collected 120 prizes at this sort of thing, and her twin sister, Anthea, apparently could not get the handsome "Belinda" to face the right way at the right moment. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, seen with attractive offspring Jane and Malcolm, is one of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's daughters and the wife of Mr. James Drummond-Hay.

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



AN ODD
LIFE ON THE
OCEAN WAVE: IVOR
NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON

IN the first place, Ivor Novello has again rung the bell with a resonant clang. Time rolls on, and he continues to fill Drury Lane with a consistency that

no other author, actor or manager has been able to achieve. Once a year he delivers the formula, the story, the script, the tunes, the ideas for spectacle, the personality, the profile, the archness, the attitudes and the variegated goods; and that once is enough to fill London's Largest Theatre until half-way through the next year. He draws to the Lane thousands who enter a theatre hardly ever. As for his formula, it has given pleasure to a million or two; and as for the queer doings which it involves, they can be enjoyed even by the minority, as ho-hum or the stuff of luscious day-dreams. There is no malice in my memories of *Crest of the Wave*.

The moon shone bright on Gantry Castle when a procession of ghostly Knights and Ladies, Barons and Dukes entered to chant about the Rose of England. But the rats gnawed deep in Gantry Castle since Lord Snowden's Budgets, so that the reigning Duke (Ivor Himself) had to buy his riding-breeches and breakfast kidneys with the shillings charged to sightseers. When the sightseers strolled through the Morning Room at breakfast-time, the impoverished family left their bacon and kidneys unspeared while they pretended to be noble waxworks. Some £500,000 was needed to restore Gantry Castle; and after breakfast a young woman arrived to offer exactly £500,000 for the Castle, on behalf of Helen Winter, American gangster's daughter and owner of Colossal Pictures, Inc. It seemed likely that Helen Winter would want to buy the Duke with the Castle; so the Duke was inclined to spurn the half-million (he was good at spurning), because he didn't want to be a gangster's moll.

Meanwhile, at a film-centre near London, a Cockney extra named Honey Wortle was on top of the world because her Uncle Bob (or Aunt Ethel) had left her a mere £10,000. Otto Fresch, an ageing but conceited film-star, tried to seduce her, but she quickly put him in his place, because at this point the Formula now needed a bit of Spectacle. So they did a movie director's very pink, very gilt and grandiose version of Versailles, where the girl-extra, being Dorothy Dickson, joined a Freddie (Walter Crisham) in a graceful mazurka before she booked the royal suite for a cruise to Hollywood.

It happened that the gangster's daughter was travelling by the same stupendous liner, and so were the Duke and his sister-in-law. Already at the gangway, Honey and the Duke fell in love; and since H. W. could stand for Helen Winter as for Honey Wortle, here was the usual Mistake in Identity. So the Duke felt he could honestly marry

The Moon Shone Bright on Gantry Castle

the rich girl and cash the cheque for £500,000. To keep things joyous and spectacular, a ship's officer led a chorus of bluejackets in a rousing song called "Nautical," and one side of the cruising liner lifted to reveal (no Italian newspaper correspondents being present) half-a-dozen long guns swivelling to left and to right, with muzzles covered by the head of King George V.

They landed at Rio de Janeiro, where the language had changed from Portuguese to Spanish. At the Café del Gracias Señoras, the Freddie from England was showing the South American natives how to dance the Venezuela; and they rightly applauded when he and Honey did a terrific tango. But Helen Winter arrived to threaten Honey with imprisonment for impersonation; and since the Duke, to put things right, said it was all off between him and Honey, here was the usual Misunderstanding. The sister-in-law—Virginia Duchess of Cheviot—properly put it across the gangster's daughter by saying, "Miss—ah—Winter, there are some kennels at Gantry Castle which were used for lady-dogs. I mention it only in case you want somewhere to live." This was loudly clapped (even the minority ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer, so arresting were the accents of Duchess Marie Lohr). Helen Winter then said she would buy the disentangled Duke, and he asked, "What offers?" "All I possess!" she replied. "Not enough!" he spurned, and turned to walk off. So she shot him through the ribs or rump with a dinky revolver, and he fell gasping: "Scab Winter's daughter, running true to type."

Two years later, the sun shone bleak on Gantry Castle. So hard up was Duke Ivor that, recovered from the wound to rump or ribs, he was off to earn a living on the films. Before he left, the ghosts came back to Gantry Castle for a March of the Ancestors, amid which Henry VIII. stood with straddled legs, *à la* Laughton and Holbein, with a few scared wives hiding behind pillars. Way over in Hollywood, the Duke fainted from lack of food when he had to show his points in a parade of English types. But when the Duke was taken to be vetted by Honey Wortle (by now a great and glamorous star), the Misunderstanding faded; the Duke ousted Otto Fresch as male lead opposite Honey; their first two pictures were smash hits; and Paramount, or maybe United Artists, enticed them from Colossal Pictures, to do two films a year, for 10 per cent. of the gross. At that rate, no more than fifteen further smash hits would be needed to raise the £500,000 for Gantry Castle. But Helen Winter, the Viper of Hollywood, bribed Otto Fresch to stop the love-birds. So Otto Fresch, the producer (Leontine Sagan), the able stage-director (William Abingdon), and the expert in lighting arranged the most spectacular train-smash in Drury Lane's history. Honey was hurt, the Duke was heartbroken, Otto Fresch was caught and got his.

Some months later, the snow fell deep round Gantry Castle. But the Duke, in faultless evening dress, was there to carry his Duchess Honey over the threshold (Honey's crashed wings having been repaired as neatly as the Duke's puncture). And round a lovely Christmas tree, the lights burned bright in Gantry Castle. And congratulation was deserved by Mr. Novello for his stage-craft, his virtuosity with glittering tinsel, his light touch and unforced charm. Also, and in particular, to Miss Dickson for her pleasant dealings in humour and sentiment and her exceedingly pleasant dances; to Miss Marie Lohr for her firm, robust handling of an absurd rôle; and to Miss Ena Burrill for her fury and flashing eyes.



(1) READING FROM TOP TO BOTTOM: GANTRY CASTLE, MARIE LOHR, IVOR NOVELLO.
(2) MINNIE RAYNER IN THE FLESH. (3) OLIVE GILBERT IN VERSAILLES. (4) AMONG THOSE PRESENT: HENRY VIII. AND A FEW SCARED WIVES. (5) THE VIPER OF HOLLYWOOD: FINLAY CURRIE, ENA BURRILL, IVOR NOVELLO



MARTA LABARR: STAR IN "MUSIC AND MYSTERY"

The new Warner Brothers' film, made at their Teddington Studios, has the beautiful French lady seen above as the star, with Keith Falkner, the well-known baritone, as the male lead. It is all about spies and Scotland Yard, and as both the principals have excellent voices, they are well able to cope with the part of the story laid in an opera house and the bits of "Faust" which are interpolated.

AFTER two whole months of gorgeous weather, Très Cher, we have had the first, fine, careless storm of the season! It caught us unprepared. When one has basked under blue skies for a long time, there seems no reason why such a pleasant state of affairs should ever change.

Hence, when the gale blew up at 4 a.m., I awoke to the shriek of the wind and the beat of the surf, and the realisation that all round the "wee hoos" the dune was strewn with various oddments, ranging from storm-shutters—unhung—to garden benches—brought up from the tennis court—in process of being painted. Most of my friends on the Island, and all my guests, have returned to town, and the Husband and I are doing all those jolly chores that are so amusing when one *wants* to do them, and so damnable when one is *obliged* to. Wielding the paint-brush is a grand pastime, and our sun-baked doors and shutters glisten anew against the whitewashed walls with a smooth coat of what is known as "Noirmoutier grey." This is, in shade, something between a little French boy's confirmation pants (worn with an Eton jacket and a large tie) and the tint that a widow of fifty chooses for the ceremony of her second *noces* . . . it is also, though I hardly dare boast of it, very much the same shade as the lovely grey that obtains *chez* Molyneux, on *vendeuses* and furniture alike, in the spacious salons of the Rue Royale.

Imagine my state of mind, therefore, as it dawned upon me that all this fresh handiwork was being peppered with flying sand and probably battered by the wind that blew like blazes. With raincoats over our pyjars we sallied forth—'im and me—to collect our half-dry goods and chattels. Have you ever wrestled with a shutter in a gale of wind,



IN MONTE CARLO: MISS BELITA JEPSON-TURNER

The news of the moment is that the well-known young skater is to dance with Anton Dolin in some new production about which we are to hear shortly. She is said to be changing her name to Marie Belita for professional purposes

through one of which also emerged a bare and shapely little leg—poor little leg, and plucky little owner of that same!

When it was disengaged and swiftly bandaged up (later Dr. Denet embroidered it with fifty-two stitches), we picked out five more lovely little creatures, aged from thirteen to seventeen, from the ruins—and none of these had so much as a scratch! There are miracles on my Island, as well as excitement!

PRISCILLA

Priscilla in Paris

Très Cher? As we came round the corner of the house *en route* for the tool-shed (also known as the coal-hole) the full force of the blast caught us, and we careered over the dune like a ship under full sail. In due time we fought our way back, to discover that, in the darkness, the Skye had got himself mixed-up with a gallipot of paint. You may argue that both were grey, and that, at night, *tous les chats sont gris!* But what applies to cats in a proverb is distinctly "no bong" for dogs in real life. We got busy with turpentine, swiftly followed by warm water and soap-suds, since, although turpentine removes paint from the long hair of a Skye, it is not particularly suited as skin treatment.

The dawn was breaking, glooming and menacing, with lemon-coloured rifts in the stormy clouds, while we worked hard, and soon we were exchanging pleasantries with peasants going to market and bridge-players coming back from an almost-all-night séance. All offered different advice. Dr. Denet, the eminent surgeon, who was returning from Nantes, where he had been patching up a holiday casualty, was all for ether and alcohol. Germaine Cossini, of Grand Opera fame, thought that "perhaps it would brush off when dry." Dear, eighty-odd-year-old Monseigneur Lhoutil, who was toddling off on a five-mile tramp to the village kirk, promised to give us a hand in drying *le brave toutou* on his way back; while old Mother Martine wanted to know whether "it was *Dieu-possible* to make such embarrassment for a dog"! She and Monseigneur went on their way arguing over the possibility of a Paradise for animals, in which the cheery old priest so firmly believes.

By seven o'clock the dog was dry and we were all ship-shape, and oh! so ready for the "caf-y-oly" that our early-waking Josephine had made ready for us. What marvellous food is toast made of country bread, well spread with creamy butter, accompanied by *café au lait!* For once the dog, who never begs and who usually only feeds at midday, had his share . . . then we all yawned and went back to bed. Who says we don't have exciting nights on the Island? The "holiday accident" that Dr. Denet had succoured was one of those amazing "might-all-have-been-killed" affairs that give one a trickly sensation down the spine and at the hollow of the tum-tum. I know, because I was there the minute after it happened, and picked up some of the pieces. A brakeless bicycle charged an old and brakeless car. The bike won. The car, being driven by a perfect little gentleman, tried to make way and shot clean off the built-up road into a field that was two yards below. It turned over twice and came to rest standing on its tyres, but minus half its roof and nothing but jagged edges of broken glass sticking out of the window-frames,

AT A HOLLYWOOD PARTY

P. G. WODEHOUSE, BASIL RATHBONE,
AND HEATHER THATCHERBINNIE BARNES, EDMUND GOULDING, C. B. COCHRAN,
AND ISABEL JEANSCOUNT JOHN McCORMACK, MARY PICKFORD, HAROLD LLOYD,
AND CHARLES ROGERSGLADYS SWARTHOUT, JEANETTE MACDONALD, LILI PONS,
AND GRACE MOORE(BELOW, ON RIGHT) ANDRÉ CHARLOT,
MRS. COCHRAN, AND BEN WEBSTER

The Basil Rathbones' party in Hollywood collected together a "Ministry of all the Talents," so far as celluloid goes. P. G. Wodehouse, one of the oldest-established and most successful British humorists, seems to have been permanently "puckaraed" by the film people: Basil Rathbone, the host of the party, is seen talking to him and Heather Thatcher of the versatile charm. Binnie Barnes has just arrived in this country in a vortex of Press interviews and matrimonial confusions. Edmund Goulding is the well-known film director, and C. B. Cochran and Isabel Jeans are household words back-stage and on the boards respectively. The four leading sopranos of the screen are all together in one group. Count John McCormack, the famous tenor, is with Harold Lloyd and Mary Pickford and her husband; Ben Webster, seen with Charlot of the Revues, has been a favourite with the public ever since his début in 1887.



MORE DEESIDE DOINGS : THE ABOYNE BALL



FEMININE SUPPORTERS

A group including Miss Stacey, Miss Stewart, Miss Ione Wills, Miss McKinnon and Mrs. Bruce Wills forgathered at the Aboyne Ball, which rounded off the Deeside Gathering and was staged, according to custom, in the Victory Hall. Every year Major Tudor St. John of Bletso is organiser-in-chief of this important Deeside dance and receives the guests. On this occasion he was hand-in-glove with 300 of them. Mrs. Bruce Wills and her daughter were staying at the Huntly Arms, which also housed the new Marquess of Huntly



LORD AND LADY FERMOY, OVER FROM DALHEBITY, BIELDSIDE



THE HON. MRS. IAN BAIRD WITH SIR MALCOLM BARCLAY-HARVEY

Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, the Member for Kincardine, who was knighted last year, always supports the Aboyne Ball splendidly and this year his party from Dinnet House was eleven strong. Lord Stonehaven's son and daughter-in-law, the Hon. Ian and Mrs. Baird, came with Mrs. Villiers from Durris Cottage. See left for Lord Fermoy and his attractive wife, the former Miss Ruth Gill, who wore Wedgwood blue, which suited her admirably; they were staying at her old home, Dalhebity. Miss Elizabeth Innes (on the right) was one of the many wearers of black. She is the daughter of Mrs. Guy Innes, of Marycutter House



LORD CARNEGIE BOOKS A DANCE WITH SMILING MISS LEONARD

Lady Maud Carnegie honoured the Aboyne Ball by being its patron this year, and she and her husband, the eldest son of Lord Southesk, arrived early from Elsick House and danced with great zest. It was one of the best parties on record and suitably crowned a Deeside season of outstanding festiveness. Lord Carnegie, who is seen above with one of his many charming partners, is in the Scots Guards Reserve. He married the younger daughter of the late Princess Royal in 1923



GOOD-LOOKERS : MR. A. FERGUSON AND MISS ELIZABETH INNES



MAALTUD van OFFICIEREN van den CLUVENIERSDOELEN by FRANS HALS (1580-1666). Second only to Rembrandt in Holland as a portrait painter, Hals was even more improvident than Rembrandt in managing his private affairs. He did successfully support a family of ten children until 1652 but then, when his property was seized for debt, it consisted only of three mattresses and bolsters, a cupboard, a table and five canvases. To Hals' misfortunes we owe some of his more brilliant pictures—low-life studies of fishwives, tavern heroes and itinerant players. But these are not more typical of his work than his huge portrait groups of officers and gildsmen, of which this "Banquet of the Officers of the 'Cloveniers Doelen'" is a fine example. It is reproduced, by permission, from the painting in the Haarlem Museum.



NEXT to a battle-field, as Frans Hals evidently realised, a banqueting hall is perhaps the most natural setting for a portrait group of soldiers. These Arquebusiers of St. Andrew were officers and gentlemen: and officers and gentlemen have always been amateurs of food and wine. Even to-day, when Service life offers less opportunity for festive reunions than it did three hundred years ago, you will seldom meet a professional soldier who isn't something of a gourmet. The army's reputation for good living is one of its few traditions that Mechanization of the Forces has done nothing to destroy. In fact "scientific replacement"—in the form of Aga Cookers, which have lately been installed in the kitchens of many officers' quarters—makes it easier for the modern Army and Air Force to live up to the gastronomic standards of the past. An Aga always meets its cook three-quarters of the way. Clean, compact, spacious, with its maximum fuel consumption guaranteed, this cooker stands ready for instant duty at any hour of the day or night. Every day more people are realising that cooks with records of good conduct and long service have earned their promotion—to an Aga.

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DRIVEN OUT

By FRANK

It is the month of October and weak sunlight flickers and fades beneath the mighty tower of Buachaille Etive. Below lie the corries of the famous Blackmount Forest, and on the levels of bent-grass and bogland the fine ten-pointer shepherds his harem of hinds. He is a raging fury of murderous jealousy, this pasha of the High Tops, and Don Juan of the eight points is no match for his strength and weight. Overcome in battle, the smaller stag trots away across the hills in search of some other seraglio less efficiently guarded. In description of the scene the artist writes : "There are few more imposing hills in Scotland than Buachaille Etive, which stands at the entrance to the Glens of Etive and Col, and is seen in the background of the picture. The famous



-GLENCOE

WALLACE

'royal' forest of Dalness, of which it formed a part, has now ceased to exist as a deer forest, and has become a possession of the National Trust. The foreground of the picture is actually part of the Blackmount, a much larger but equally famous deer forest. The River Etive forms the march between the two. In a stalker's house nearby the 'Black Gun of Misfortune,' which slew the Red Fox and for which James Stewart of the Glens perished at Ballachulish, found a resting-place. Though Dalness is now given over to rock climbers and hikers, the roar of the red deer will still echo about its cliffs, and the spirits of old stalkers, to whom its glens and corries were a well-loved paradise, may peer through the mists at those who have succeeded them."

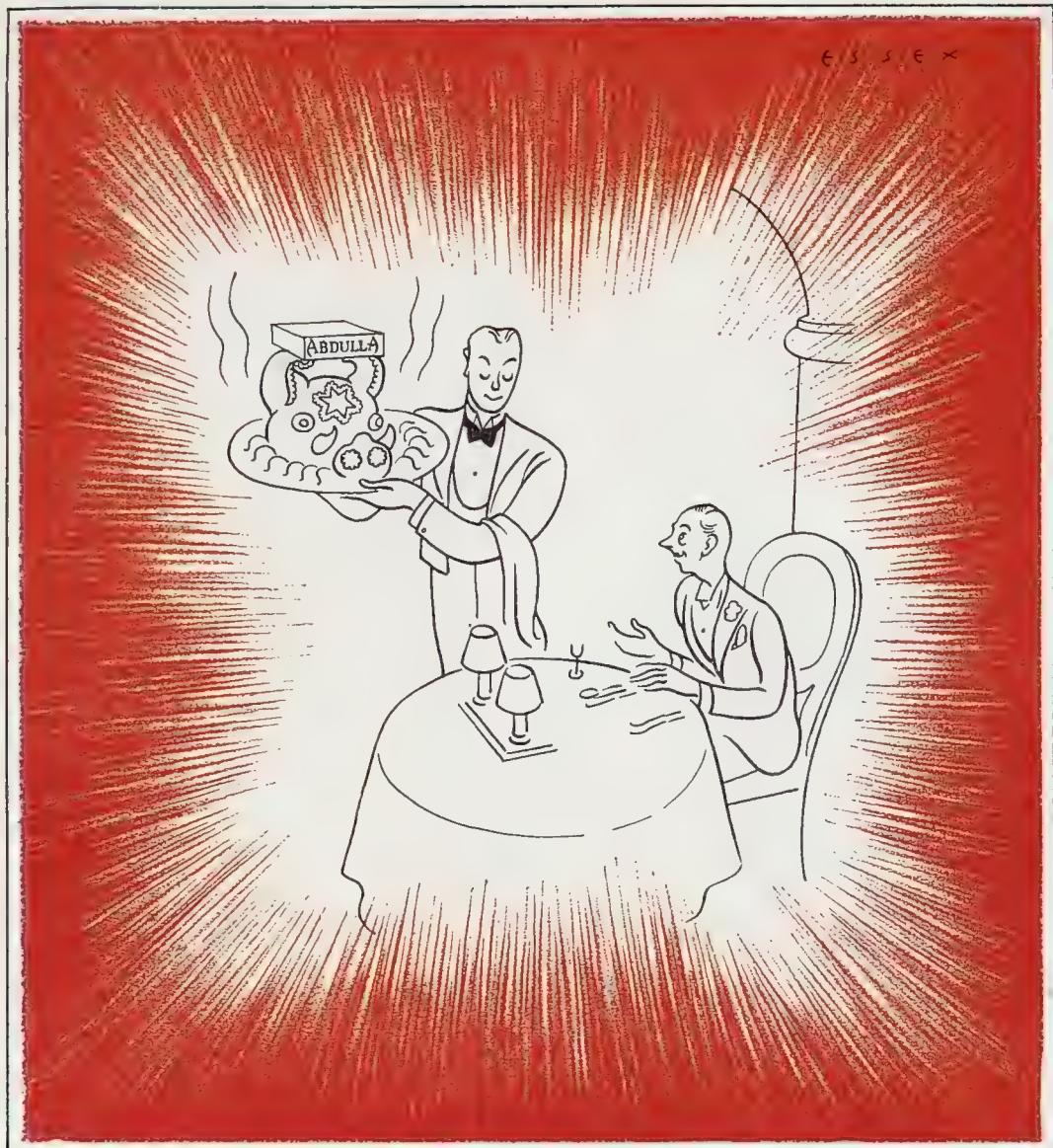


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A MINISTERING ANGEL: THE HEAD WAITER

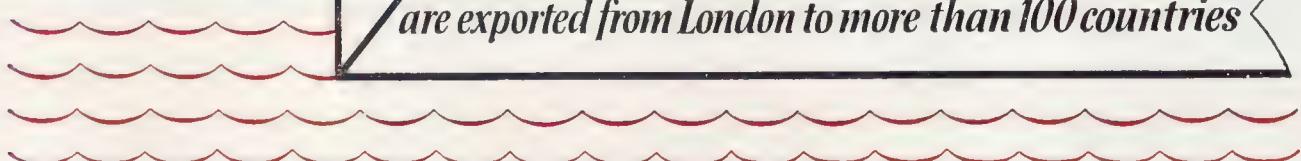
When Paul broke away from a diet
Of peptonized cabbage and straw,
He recklessly tucked into turtle
And murmured 'mid slices of boar—

"If Alkalines, Proteins and Starches
Should quarrel like cats on my chest
Abdulla, the perfect 'digestive,'
Will cunningly soothe them to rest."

F. R. HOLMPS

Abdulla Superb Cigarettes

are exported from London to more than 100 countries



THE ANNALY CUP COMPETITION AT SANDWICH

CAPT. H. H. C. BAIRD WITH
MR. AND MRS. WARWICK DREWLORD AND LADY ASTOR AND
(CENTRE) MRS. LAYCOCKLORD AND LADY SUIRDALE START
THEIR ROUNDSIR ERIC AND
LADY HAMBROMRS. MURRAY WOOD AND
MRS. JOHN BECKMR. D. SILTZER AND THE HON.
MRS. MAURICE LUBBOCK

The sixth annual competition for the Annaly Cup was played recently on the Prince's Course at Sandwich and above are some of those who played in it. Captain Baird had a busy day of it, as he is the Secretary in whose hands were all the arrangements. Lord and Lady Astor, who had entered, did not compete, but did, however, play a round on their own. Lord and Lady Suirdale were there (with their two young sons to admire and criticise). Sir Eric Hambro is Member for the Wimbledon Division of Surrey and a very keen golfer. The Hon. Mrs. Maurice Lubbock is a sister of Lord Stanley of Alderley; she married Lord Avebury's uncle in 1926. Mrs. John Beck, seen here with Mrs. Murray Wood, was a finalist in partnership with Mr. H. G. Riviere, but they lost to Miss Heywood and Mr. C. A. Hue Williams by two holes.



H.M. QUEEN MARY AT ALTHORP

H.M. Queen Mary honoured Lord and Lady Spencer during her recent visit to Northampton, and this group was taken at historic Althorp, which may be said to be the G.H.Q. of the Pritchley Hunt, founded by a Spencer and still wearing the family livery. Lord and Lady Spencer's two children, Lord Althorp and Lady Anne Spencer, are in the picture with their parents, also Lady Cynthia Colville and Lord Gerald Wellesley

PIRATE - HUNTING, tunny-fishing, and basking-shark shooting seem to be well set to usurp the popularity of fox-hunting, pheasant shooting, and skiing as autumn and winter sports, and all three of them—especially pirate-hunting—seem to offer greater chances to the brave than any of the older ones.

In ancient times pirates played the game—that is to say, they ran up the Jolly Roger, fired a round across your bows, and if you didn't heave to, knocked the middle peg or main-mast out of you and then boarded and made you walk the plank, after having drunk all your rum and pinched your captain's wife and any good-looking sisters, cousins, or aunts who were aboard your ship. Nowadays there is none of this chivalry. They may show a periscope if they think you are not looking, and then they fire one or two or three 21-inch torpedoes into you and disappear. All the real romance has gone, and it is no wonder

AT THE BORDER HUNT STEEPLECHASES :
MR. AND MRS. DONALD STUART

Mr. Stuart is near the lead in seniority among the subalterns of the Gordon Highlanders. His wife, with whom he is seen in the paddock at Kelso, is a daughter of that very distinguished actor, Sir Seymour Hicks

Pictures in the Fire

that people are completely disgusted at the boorish modern methods.

* * *

The most satisfying pirate of the spacious days of the Spanish Main, "Blackbeard" Teach, has no modern counterpart, and none of the present-day operators can hope to carry it off with such an air as he did. "Blackbeard," according to some pictures I have of him, was not a pretty gentleman, and rather gloried in his own ugliness. He was a great believer in frightfulness, and in pursuit of his idea wore a lighted slow-match behind each ear, in the same way as some people nowadays wear pens or pencils. He was a bonnie swearer and a very strict martinet. It is on record that, just by way of "larning" him, he shot Israel Hands (of "Treasure Island" fame) through both legs under the table when they were having a friendly glass of grog in Cap'en Teach's cabin. "Blackbeard" came to a very unpleasant end—he was killed on November 17, 1718, in a brisk fight with one of his Majesty's ships (the sloop *Ranger*, commanded by Lieut. Maynard), as another of his Bartholomew Roberts—was, and his captors then cut the Captain's head off and stuck it on the end of his bowsprit as he sailed back to port, just to let the world know that he had killed his fox. If the people who hunt the modern "Blackbeards" could do this a few times, it is probable that the High Toby men of the seas would throw in their hands and realise that the game is not really worth the candle. Bartholomew Roberts was destroyed by H.M.S. *Swallow*, commanded by Captain Chaloner Ogle, 1720. Roberts was a very quaint pirate—a total abstainer, and he always captured a chaplain when he got the chance. To one of these clerics he apologised for stealing three prayer-books and a corkscrew. Funny luggage!

Robert friends—



MRS. LUKE LILLINGSTON

The former Lady Harrington at Elvaston Castle, the family seat in Derbyshire. Mr. Luke Lillingston has resigned the North Atherstone Mastership and will now hunt Lord Harrington's



THE COTSWOLD PONY CLUB'S PICNIC : MRS. HEBER-PERCY IN THE LEAD
The Cotswold Pony Club are seen in the course of a day's picnicking among the Cotswold Hills. Mrs. Heber-Percy is the wife of the Joint-Master of the Cotswold and, naturally, is keenly interested in the doings of the "young entry" and their ponies

By "SABRETACHE"



ALAN LILLINGSTON AND LORD HARRINGTON

Another snapshot at Elvaston. Alan Lillingston is the former Lady Harrington's son by her second marriage and Lord Harrington her son by her first. He is still at Eton. The late Lord Harrington was killed out hunting with his own hounds

why should Piracy be left out in the cold ?

* * *

At a recent meeting of the Council of the International League to Prevent the Export of Horses for Butchery, a resolution was passed thanking his Majesty's Government for the facilities

These two extracts from "Blackbeard's" log aboard his ship, *Queen Anne's Revenge*, in 1718, will give some indication of the kind of chap he was :

(1) Rum all out—our company somewhat sober—rogues a-plotting—great talk of separation—so I look'd sharp for a prize.

(2) Took one with a great deal of liquor on board, so kept the Company hot, damned hot. Then all things went well again.

I wonder what kind of liquor they will find aboard any of the new kind of pirates. It might prove a valuable clue to their country of origin.

* * *

Then there were also a few lady pirates, Mary Read and Ann Bonny amongst them, the former having served both as a trooper in the British Army and as a man-o'-war's man without her sex being discovered. They were as hard-boiled in those times as they are to-day, and I shall be surprised if the Patrol does not come across some adventurous counterparts of these heroines of the Spanish Main in the course of the present hunting season in the Mediterranean. It will not be in accordance with the Equal Rights for All idea if the Fair are going to let Man have any kind of monopoly in this department of sport. They have invaded Steeplechasing and Polo, so

afforded for the passing of the Exportation of Horses Act, promoted by the International League for the protection of horses, but regret was expressed that ponies were not included within the scope of the measure, and some anxiety was felt lest the traffic in ponies, now almost negligible, should in future increase. How about the wild ponies of Dartmoor, in which a pretty brisk trade used to go on ? It was decided to continue the useful work which the League has been doing in various directions at home and abroad, and, in particular, to endeavour to secure improvements in the conditions prevailing at horse-abattoirs in Great Britain, and to do everything possible to protect from exploitation the class of horse described by the chairman of the Departmental Committee of 1925 as "horses which are no good to the

(Continued on p. ii)



Truman Howell

AT THE MONMOUTHSHIRE HUNT GYMKHANA

A group taken at Abergavenny recently, and in it are (left to right) Major J. A. Herbert, M.P. (Chairman of the Hunt Committee and a former Master), Major L. R. Kettle, M.F.H. (Joint-Master, who has just retired from the 5th Lancers and is an ex-Master of the Essex Farmers), Major Oakden Fisher (the Hunt Sec.), and Miss Patricia Parkinson, M.F.H. (Joint-Master), who was also with the Hon. Anne Lewis, who had these hounds from 1933 and retired last season



Dennis Moss

THE COTSWOLD OUTING : TURNING IN FOR TEA

One of the small members turning into the field where tea awaited the party. The right sort of "first pony," too; one of the wise old ones that look after themselves and their young riders without fuss or excitement



ALSO AT THE BORDER 'CHASES : LORD AND LADY REAY AND BARON VAN TUYLL

Lord Reay, who is the Chief of the Clan Mackay, lives mainly in Holland, where he holds the title of Baron Mackay van Ophemert. Lady Reay was, until her marriage in 1936, Miss Charlotte Younger



Sasha
LESLIE HENSON'S LEADING
LADY: LOUISE BROWN

Louise Brown was Leslie Henson's "lead" in "Seeing Stars" and "Swing Along." She fills the same position in his new Gaiety production, "Going Greek." We tremble to think what Miss Brown and Mr. Henson in combination could do with an irregular paradigm!

HE was the local J.P. and a very keen motorist, and an equally keen hater of cyclists. This particular morning he had before him a motor-cyclist on a charge under the Road Traffic Act.

"Another of these motorcyclists before the Bench," he muttered as the man appeared. "These fellows ought to be kept off the roads. What's the charge?"

"Er—riding on the footpath, your Worship," replied the clerk.

* * *

A young woman went to the manager of a touring theatrical company and asked for a job.

"What experience have you had?" was the first question the manager asked her.

"Oh, I haven't had any experience," she replied airily. "I've just had an awful quarrel with my husband's family, so I decided to annoy them by going on the stage."

* * *

A group of men sat round the fire at the club, yarning pleasantly. Presently one of the number asked: "What happened to old Smithers after he failed as an architect?"

"Oh, didn't you hear about him?" answered one of the others. "He's gone on the stage."

"Really? How's he getting on there?"

"Oh, not much better. In fact, he's still drawing poor houses."



A NEW DEVOTEE OF THE BALLET:
MRS. CONSTANT LAMBERT

Mrs. Constant Lambert is the wife of the well-known composer. Before her marriage she was Miss Florence Kaye and acted for the films. She is now taking up ballet-dancing professionally

old lady looking across at him, the law's usual respect for age, he held up all the traffic in order to let her cross.

She ambled up to him, and the policeman bent down to hear her request.

"It's nothing really, constable," she said, falteringly. "I only thought you would like to know that the number on your collar is the number of my favourite hymn."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

From the finished product to the raw recruit:

"Religion?" asked the recruiting officer curtly.
"Ain't got none, sir," replied the raw 'un, and the sergeant took a hand.

"Ain't got none!" he repeated, shocked. "And where, me young cock-bird, do you go on Sundays?"

"I goes wiv farver, sir."

"And where does 'farver' go on Sundays?"

"Rat-catching, sir!"

And the resourceful sergeant turned to his superior:
"The man's R.C., sir," he reported.

* * *

These two yarns are taken from J. B. Booth's amusing book, "A 'Pink 'Un' Remembers" (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd.). Both appeared during the war, in numbers of *The Minden Magazine*, the organ of the Lancashire Fusiliers.

The food problem was constantly to the front in the early days of the war.

A small issue of bread was served out to the battalion, and was found to pan out to only one small loaf a section. One section consisted of sixteen men, and the corporal carefully divided his loaf into sixteen pieces, paraded his men and proceeded to distribute. One bright lad received his dole in the palm of his hand and, after careful scrutiny:

"Eh, corporal, w'a's this?"

"That, m'lad, is your bread ration."

"Blimy! Ah thowt it were 'Oly Communion!'"

* * *

A vicar asked a pretty young helper in his parochial work to approach a new and wealthy landowner for a subscription. She did so, and returned the next day to the vicar.

"Look!" she said, smiling. "He's given me a cheque for £100. I got on splendidly with him."

The vicar was delighted, and put out his hand for the cheque. When he received it, however, he found that the signature had been cut away.

"Oh, yes," explained the girl, in answer to his question, "I collect autographs, and I cut it out and pasted it in my book."

* * *

The wife and small daughter of a famous footballer who had just been transferred from one club to another at a big fee were passing a shop window.

"Oh, do stop, Mummy!" cried the child. "I would love to have that great big doll in the window there."

"But, darling," said her mother, "that doll is nearly three pounds, and we can't possibly afford that for a doll, even for you."

"Why not?" demanded the little girl. "We could sell daddy again."

* * *

It was a terribly wet day, and the policeman on point duty was having a busy time with the traffic. Suddenly he saw a dear old lady looking across at him, the law's usual respect for age, he held up all the traffic in order to let her cross.

She ambled up to him, and the policeman bent down to hear her request.

"It's nothing really, constable," she said, falteringly. "I only thought you would like to know that the number on your collar is the number of my favourite hymn."

hands

Glance at your hands. Do they do you justice? Is their roughness unworthy of your smart new frock? Regular use of Elizabeth Arden's marvellous Hand-o-Tonik will give them back that exquisitely leisured look that they may have lost through years of neglect and ill-treatment. Her Hand Cream and Night Gloves complete the good work . . . Do your hands still show the effects of a summer in the sun? Ardena Bleach Cream will restore their whiteness . . . Are your fingers disfigured by cracked, unsightly cuticle? Nail-o-Tonik banishes ugly cuticle and encourages the nails themselves to grow strong and lustrous . . . *Hand-o-Tonik* in two sizes 4/6 and 7/6 . . . *Hand Cream with Gloves* 20/- *Ardena Bleach Cream* 6/6 . . . *Nail-o-Tonik* 2/9

Elizabeth Arden Best

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

LAWN TENNIS :: "RABBIT"



MISS GEM HOAHING

The sixteen-year-old British-born Chinese girl who qualified for Wimbledon this year and has recently been in great form at Eastbourne, where she beat Miss Mary Heeley and later ran Miss Jean Saunders, another ranked player, to three close sets before she succumbed

touchline and croak at every sign of diminishing prowess were openly asserting that the Señorita from Chile with the twinkling toes had slimmed her way out of the line of champions for ever. For it is well known now that Señorita Lizana trained for Wimbledon chiefly on ice-cream. Not a very substantial diet, compared with the good, red meat which slips down Mme. Mathieu's throat every time before she goes on the Centre Court. But after the disaster at Edgbaston, Señorita Lizana wisely took a month's rest from the game, retired into private life, and started eating again. With the result that when she went to America she was a new woman and serenely waltzed through to the final without losing a set at Forest Hills. Here she encountered the strapping wench who had so nearly defeated Dorothy Round at Wimbledon. After Panna Jedrzejowska had played so finely to defeat Helen Jacobs in the semi-final, it looked as though the American Championship was to be hers, but instead she was never allowed to settle down by the Señorita, who varied her length to such good purpose that she had the Polish girl, whom not even her dearest friends would call a swift starter, making constant tracks up and down the court, now forced far out on the back-hand, and now having to scurry forward for one of those famous drop-shots of the Señorita which curl back into the net almost as they touch the ground.

Incidentally, this was the first occasion on which two foreign competitors had contested the final at Forest Hills, which for so many years was looked upon as the virtual property of Helen Wills Moody and later of Helen Jacobs, and, still more recently, of Alice Marble, who, tipped as the winner this year, for some inexplicable reason suddenly

AND so Señorita Lizana ended her tennis season in tears. But this time they were tears of triumph instead of tears of chagrin that she spilt after her unexpected defeat by Mme. Mathieu at Wimbledon. That summary dismissal shook her nerve to such an extent that a week later she was defeated at Edgbaston by Miss Mary Heeley, and all those whose chief enjoyment of the game is to sit on the

flopped in the middle of her match with Mrs. Bundy's daughter, and, after leading by a set and 4-3, could only succeed in winning one more game in the match. One of those sudden turns of fortune which happen from time to time and make prophecy such a nerve-racking business. Let us sincerely hope that Miss Marble has not taken her unexpected defeat too much to heart, and will return to Europe fighting strong for next year's Wimbledon, because we cannot afford to lose such a glamorous addition to our first-class tennis ranks.

But to return to Señorita Lizana's tears. Many of the spectators who were watching her match must have been drying their eyes a good part of the time after having seen the new idol of America—"the Baron," as everyone in that truly democratic country delights to refer to him—go down fighting so gallantly to Budge in the final of the Men's Singles. But whereas at Wimbledon Budge defeated von Cramm in three short, swift, simple sets, at Forest Hills he had to go the whole course of five before he succeeded in bringing off the double event of being crowned Wimbledon and American champion in the same year. But though his victory was as popular as that of any national champion will always be, at the same time the audience, I am told, wildly applauded the German when he succeeded in making the score two sets all. For a country possessed of so little nobility themselves, it is extraordinary how they will run after nobility on every possible occasion.

But once more to return to the Señorita's tears. It must have been a moment of great consternation when, instead of tripping forward lightly to thank her opponent for the match in

Photos.: Stuart
THE HOME SECRETARY AND THE YOUNG IDEA

Sir Samuel Hoare, who is the President of the L.T.A., went to watch the finals at the Junior Wimbledon and presented the prizes to Rosemary Thomas, the Surrey Junior champion, who won the Girls' Singles and Mixed Doubles without the loss of a set; and Geoffrey Emmett, the Middlesex Junior champion, who also won two events, the Singles and the Boys' Doubles

that charming, friendly way she usually does, making the whole thing seem like a party on the vicarage lawn, the new woman champion of America suddenly fell in a deep, Victorian swoon, was carried to her dressing-room, and did not recover until a hypodermic syringe had been stuck in

(Continued on p. x)



THE GAME AT LE TOUQUET

Miss Ruth Coit and her cousin, Mr. Anthony Slocock, who were partners in the mixed doubles at the recent Le Touquet Tournament. Anthony Slocock is the son of the famous pre-war Rugger International, won the Schoolboys' Tournament in 1933, and married only a year after he left Radley, which would seem to read something like a record

Fashionable Finance

For those who are seeking an investment in beauty it appears that "Bear Brand" are the most attractive feature of the Stocking Exchange. These gilt edged securities are obtainable from 3/11 to 6/11 at par, and have long been producing excellent dividends of service.



Bear Brand STOCKINGS

CREPE LUXURY

2'11 • 4'11

5'11 • 6'11

**WATCHING THE KING'S CUP RACE**

Miss Dunn, Mrs. Jenkins, Lord Dufferin, Lord Londonderry, the former Minister for Air, and Lady Dufferin at Newtownards, near Belfast, the last control in the eliminating contest of the King's Cup air race before competitors landed at Dublin. Many other distinguished Irish personalities watched a splendid race from this excellent vantage point. The ultimate winner, Mr. C. E. Gardner, in a Percival "Mew Gull" (Gipsy Six II.), was twelfth at Belfast.

What Next?

THE King's Cup air race is over : prepare for the King's Cup air race ! If we are ever to lift this event up and set it in its rightful position among the half-dozen leading air races of the world, we must begin to think and to consider from this moment. This year's race was once again a triumph for those indefatigable and undefeatable handicappers, Captain W. Dancy and Mr. F. W. Rowarth. Their long-range performance predictions were so just that all the competitors arrived within the space of about twenty minutes—and this time, for once, they allowed Captain E. W. Percival to get a place—third—after a tremendous swoop for the finishing line, which got him about an engine cowling's length in front of Squadron Leader Harvey. It is hardly necessary to add that Captain Percival put up fastest time in the eliminating contest and in the final, for he has made a habit of doing that.

The winner, Mr. Charles E. Gardner, who flew a Percival Mew Gull, deserved his success, for he not only flew fast, but he flew accurately, as a study of the times on the way reveals. In fact, Mr. Gardner, although the Air Ministry will not give him a "B" licence, is one of our best navigators, and one of our best all-round pilots. And, thank goodness, the winner's speed—233·7 m.p.h.—was appropriate this year to the "premier British event in air sport." In the past it has sometimes been disgracefully low. In 1926 and 1927, for instance, it was under 100 miles an hour. In 1930 it was 102·7 m.p.h., and in 1934 it was 121·31 m.p.h. But now at last we have got past the 200 mark, and I hope that we shall not again relapse into the hundreds. But this is clear : that if the handicapping on performance is to prevail, there must always be grave risk of some slow old crock winning.

Eliminating Contest.

More than once the eliminating contest, which is flown without handicap, has provided an excellent race in itself, though not designed as a race. Consequently the

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

dread of Aero Club officials that, without handicap, the fast machines would get so far away from everything else in the field that all idea of racing would be destroyed is shown to be without foundation. Provided the course is long enough and the conditions free enough, I think that a good race is now possible without handicap. Here, then, is a plan for the 1938 King's Cup race. Let there be no handicap, and let there be no restrictions on the types of machine entered, provided that they are civil and not military machines. I would leave the final decision as to what is and what is not a military machine in the discretion of the stewards of the meeting. Then I would select a course of about 2500 kilometres (for even in the King's Cup we must come to kilometres in time), taking the machines as much about England and Scotland as possible, and I would order it to be flown in one day.

At first sight it may seem that such a race would be a gift for the fastest aeroplane ; but that need not be so. Two thousand five hundred kilometres is a long way, and accurate navigation would play an important part. But there would be another thing. There would be no official "controls," no places, that is, where it would be compulsory for machines to land. Each competitor would make his own arrangements about re-fuelling. Now that introduces another element which would tend to level out the machines and give a true, overall assessment of speed values.

Overloading beyond C. of A. limits would not be permitted, and it would not be difficult to secure means for enforcing this rule. I would prohibit the carrying of passengers, but insist on ballast to the full weight of the number of passengers provided for in the design. That, I think, provides a basis for discussion for next year's race. I know that this year's event was a great success in a great many ways, but it must be confessed that it was lucky. The plan itself was not particularly good.

The Aeroplanes.

I must add a word about the aeroplanes we saw racing this year. There was, first of all, the T.K.4, which is the handsomest little machine I have seen, and which, I should think, has yet to show its full speed capabilities. In case you did not examine it, it is a stressed skin machine with retractable under-carriage, wing-flaps and a controllable pitch air-screw. The wing span is 19 ft. 8 in., and the wing loading about 23 lb. per square foot, which is a frightening figure for anybody other than a pilot like Mr. R. J. Waight. I believe that wing slots are eventually to be fitted, but they were not on at the time of the race. The air-intake of the engine is combined with the cooling scoop and there is an ingenious device, whose working I could not quite understand in the few seconds I had to examine it, for interlocking the wing-flaps and the undercarriage raising and lowering mechanism. This machine obtained fastest time in class A during the eliminating contest. Mr. R. J. Waight was the pilot.

The Miles Hobby, to everybody's disappointment, could not be got ready in time ; but it has the same Gipsy Major engine as the T.K.4. The wing span is a little greater, I believe, and certainly there is evidence of a marked divergence

(Continued on page 556)

**THE FLYING WAR MINISTER**

Mr. Hore-Belisha and Brigadier G. N. Macready, Deputy Director of Staff Duties at the War Office, all dressed up to fly from Wilmington, in Sussex, to France, to witness the French Army manoeuvres in Normandy. Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was also among English onlookers. Over 45,000 troops and a quantity of motor vehicles were taking part

confessed that it was lucky. The plan itself was not particularly good.

when,
in a mad
moment,
you have "put on"
far more
than
you really should . . .



have you ever noticed
the comforting way
in which
a cigarette
seems
to restore
your
confidence . . .



and
helps you
over
those paralysing
few minutes
before
the
start ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

ENGLISH ACRE

By JOHN GRAY



He raised the dog-whip high: Rango was swinging on his arm before the whip reached the woman

BUT for her English acre, Kenya could never have kept her. She would have broken the vows she made as a bride, time and time again. She would have become again Margaret Turner, and ceased to be Mrs. George White. The climate of the colony had caught at the worst in George. In England he had been kinder to her. Now, when he tried to humiliate her before the native servants, she would make herself see England again and the years when their love was young. And as soon as she could, would slip away, out into her precious garden, to bury her face in the violets brought out from Bedham Woods, letting the scents of Sussex rise up to meet her tears.

Or she would caress a sturdy Richmond rose and remember her mother's garden. Seven cuttings she had brought to Kenya. Seven six-months' leave. Leave would soon be due again. George would be kinder then. . . . Margaret felt and looked cool in the powder-blue. It was akin to summer twilight. George would be bucked when he saw the dress. It was new from Nairobi that day. She really should not have worn it until they were on the boat, but it might make him remember approaching leave, and cheer him up a little.

The shutters were drawn in the dining-room and the big fern fan was working. She hoped that Rango would not doze through dinner and allow the fan to stop. That would make George so furious, and she wanted to keep him calm.

She must keep him calm now until leave commenced, then he would be fit for the voyage. And she pushed from her mind the knowledge that each leave left him worse than before. It was the life she had accepted. She would see it through now to the end. Once they had loved each other. She could always remember that. She had arranged a special dinner to-night. That would please George, too. Much of the menu was English. She had made most of the dishes herself.

She was arranging a jug of golden-rod when the man came into the room. She had heard him cross the verandah some minutes before; had heard him, as usual, cursing the servants who happened to cross his path.

"I am so glad you are early, George. We've an English dinner to-night." But she went on arranging the golden-rod, for she feared to meet his eyes.

"For God's sake, woman, quit ranting of England! No wonder my nerves are bad! *England! England! England!* That's all I get from you!" He flung the words at her across the room. She answered quietly, without looking up. But as she spoke her heart was thumping. Scenes always upset her so.

"I thought you might like to think of it, George, as leave starts on the fifth."

What the man said next was casual, but it cleared the woman's vision. Musty codes of convention and trust crumpled into decay. Her heart continued its wild thumping, but relief seemed to rush upon her.

"Leave starts on the fifth all right. I'm spending mine in Mombasa. Going there in the monoplane. Might give you a lift to your boat."

Mombasa. Then rumour was true. What the colony whispered was right. She had always refused to listen when the Mombasa stories were breathed. The monotonous grind of the coffee plantation had brutalised her husband, distorting his affection and warping his reasoning, but he had a code of honour still. She was the only woman.

So she had accepted his frequent safari, not questioning at all, although each time someone had whispered that George had been seen in Mombasa. One or two had gone even further, mentioning a woman. Mombasa. He had said it calmly, but it cut the air in two. It lifted the veil of illusion. In a flash she saw she was free.

George White felt bewildered, stunned, as he watched his wife across the table. His casual announcement about Mombasa had needed much mental rehearsing, and he had expected a high emotional scene, not an even more casual acceptance.

He eyed his wife as they went through the meal, but not once did she look at him. Her face was quite expressionless as they passed on to the coffee. She had made her usual conversation: comments on the day's events, but never once mentioning leave again or the words he had flung at her.

For months he had been summoning up courage to tell her about Mombasa. To tell her of Jeanette Balfour, and bring matters to a head. He knew that rumours had reached the colony, and knew they'd reached Margaret too. But

(Continued on page 550)



Again and again we see it—
black with Persian Lamb. This
coat of black bouclé is cut
with a straight unhampered line
and a shawl collar draped
from shoulder to waist: cravat
of coat material tucked high in
the neck. From the Women's
Coat Salon - - - 18 Gns.

Harrods

Harrods Ltd
London SW1

ENGLISH ACRE—(Continued from page 548)

he also knew she would never accept them without a firm foundation.

He said he was going on safari. That was enough for her. And if every white in the colony called to whisper he was in Mombasa, Margaret would merely smile and murmur "He is on safari." It was almost as though he had been by her side to hear her deny the rumours, so well did he know her, he told himself, after twenty years.

Twenty years of her watery smile and her old maid's mania for flowers! It wasn't natural for a married woman to spend whole days in the garden. And every leave she spent in gathering stuff to bring back and plant in Kenya. No wonder his nerves were finished. She had worn him out with her old maid's whims.

But he would soon pull up in Jeanette's company and become the man he was. He would write to Margaret when she got to England and tell her not to come back. He would settle an allowance on her, and that would be the end. Jeanette would be with him always then. Every day. Every night. For ever. . . .

The meal in the room was over. They had moved to the verandah for coffee. It was as the man sipped the hot, black liquid that realisation came. He thumped his cup down on the table, splashing the coffee about. He sat deep back in the bamboo chair and stared into the dusk before him.

She knew—she knew!

And she was glad. Her silence concealed her joy. She would not have to come back to Kenya. Not have to return to him. She would remain in her precious England and leave him to rot in Kenya. She would leave, pretending ignorance of what he was going to do, and then sit back pretty in England awaiting the letter she knew he would write. . . .

His thoughts raced round in a whirlpool, sweeping all reason aside. High spots stood out in his half-crazed brain, magnified by fury. England! She would go to England. He would be left in Kenya. She would do what she had always wanted to do. *He would be left in Kenya.* . . .

Margaret sat sipping her coffee, relief like a robe about her. The man was nowhere in her thoughts. She was thinking of England—home. She would take back again to Sussex cuttings, seeds and roots, replanting again in the garden there the things which had given her courage. Violets, cowslips, clematis. Myrtle, broom, and fern. . . . Her precious English acre should leave the Kenya sun and know again a Sussex breeze by the cottage near Bedham Woods.

Margaret was in her garden, carefully collecting cuttings. Rango

was helping his mistress, for there was a lot to do. Missy was going to take him to England. They would start in a few days now. And she was packing lots of garden shoots, because they were not returning.

Massa was not going with them. He was going to Mombasa. He was going to see that other Missy they talked about in the kraal. The Missy he always went to when he went on safari. But his Missy did not seem to mind. She was peaceful like a quiet dawn.

Even Margaret marvelled at the deepness of her peace, which had descended upon her suddenly the moment George had mentioned Mombasa. Before, she had felt she was part of him and forced to accept his moods. The coarseness, humiliation, and the long months he left her alone, had, to her, been but part of the contract "for better or for worse."

Perhaps in her unconscious mind she had known the rumours true, but loyalty and trust had built denial. Now the keynote of the scandal had come from the man himself, flinging the door of freedom wide and showing her new life.

She had now no thought of her husband as she worked on her English acre. Mombasa and the other woman never once crossed her mind. As she took cuttings, slips, and seedlings, Sussex seemed very near. Beech-trees were rustling in Bedham Woods, where the white lane wound between them. . . .

She did not see the man approaching until Rango touched her arm. He was walking towards her heavily, and she knew that he had been drinking.

With the whip which was swinging upon his wrist he lashed at some honeysuckle. A spray had brushed against his face as he passed a clustered arch. The whip crashed through the tender stems, bruising, breaking, bleeding. . . . The flowers fell about his feet. He crunched them into the ground. The woman could not stay the tears which rushed into her eyes as the death-scent of a Sussex lane drenched Kenya afternoon.

But when the man came up to her she looked him in the face. He dropped his eyes before her gaze, but said what he had come to say:

"You are not going to England. You are staying here at the bungalow. I shall be in Mombasa the whole six months, and may bring a visitor back. I'm leaving in the morning, too. Not waiting till the end of the week. I shall take off in the monoplane an hour after dawn."

He looked up as he finished speaking, but the woman was like a sphinx. Suddenly he saw there was pity for him at the back of the steady gaze. It lashed him into fresh fury. He raised the dog-whip high. Rango was swinging on his arm before the whip reached the woman. The next thing he remembered was Missy bathing his weals.

(Continued on page xviii)



Bassano
MISS DIANA CLARKE, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

Miss Diana Clarke's wedding to Fulke Walwyn, who rode as an amateur till he won the Grand National on Reynoldstown in 1936, is stated to be fixed for September 28. The bride-elect is the only daughter of Major Carlos Clarke and Lady Eileen Chappell. Fulke Walwyn, like Mr. Frank Furlong, who won the National on Reynoldstown in 1935, was formerly in the 9th Lancers



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A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER—

OBVIOUSLY the first duty of the season, and a very pleasant one, is to extend a hearty welcome to the new President of the Rugby Union, Major-General B. A. Hill, C.B., D.S.O. He will have a difficult task to follow Mr. J. E. Greenwood's two most successful years, but that he will be fully equal to his responsibilities, those who are acquainted with his keenness and his uprightness will have no doubt whatever. He was a great player in his day, appearing many times for England, and was a genuine forward of what is sometimes termed the old-fashioned type. He played his first match for England in 1903 and his last in 1907, having then gained nine caps and a considerable reputation. On his retirement he maintained his interest in the game, and has been of the greatest service as a legislator and as a committee man.

On the occasion of his election, he made it quite clear that during his régime the malefactor who so frequently offends against the spirit of the game would meet with scant mercy at his hands. He said that too many players were paying too much attention to the letter of the law and too little to the spirit. In his view, there were too many questionable tricks, and he appealed to the meeting and to the clubs in general to support him in his efforts to keep the game clean. The President can rely upon the energetic assistance of all real Rugby men, for it has been only too plain that the standard of purity has been degenerating for some time, and a check must be applied before the game ceases to become worth playing. It has always been recognised that it is easy enough to cheat at Rugby, and even the strictest of referees cannot defeat the deliberate offender. Therefore, we must not expect too much from the referees, though I am quite willing to admit that many of them have failed to exercise sufficient control, and have in that way been responsible for many of the misdeeds of the past.

The cure must go further back, and captains, club committees, and selectors must simply omit people who deliberately break the laws. That instances of this have occurred we are well aware, and quite recently, we believe, an international cap was withheld because the selectors did not approve of a certain forward's style of play. It is just as well that this should be made known, though, unfortunately, the law of libel prevents any more direct reference.

There are, of course, people who are not fitted to play the game by reason of their peculiar mentality, which renders it impossible for them to resist seizing an unfair advantage. These folk should not play games at all, and they can at least be omitted when teams are chosen. There remains one other point. The true Rugby man is as keen on winning as anybody else, but he declines to be led astray by such ridiculous nonsense as "the will to win," which has undoubtedly been the cause of a good deal of trouble in the recent past.

During the summer we had one of the familiar attempts to restore Rugby relations with France, but I fear it will be some time before affairs can be placed on their old footing. The International Board will think a long time before they consent to forgive and forget, and although it may eventually become a matter for the individual Unions themselves, nothing like unanimity is probable at present. It is generally understood that Scotland and Ireland have no particular desire to resume matches with France, that England do not feel quite so strongly about it, whilst Wales, largely for financial reasons, would be glad to make friends. I very much question whether the International Board are particularly keen on the extension of Rugby football outside the British Empire, though it is true that they send sides to North and South America, and occasionally allow clubs to go elsewhere. They have frequently refused to send teams abroad, and there is no doubt that they are jealous guardians of the true spirit of amateurism. They may well be, since professionalism is making headway in so many directions, and few indeed are the games which remain strictly amateur.

Five or six years ago we were favoured with the third visit of a South African side, which had a very successful tour under the captaincy of B. L. Osler, and won all its four international

matches. The South Africans are always welcome guests, and the first and second Springbok sides, led by Paul Roos and Billy Millar, left behind them the happiest of memories. Osler's side were perhaps not quite so fortunate, owing to the fact that they adopted entirely different tactics, and hardly gave the three-quarters the opportunity to display their real abilities. Now the time has come for us to pay a return visit, and one of the tasks of the coming season will be to select a side to visit South Africa. It will probably be chosen from all the home countries, and will not, of course, for the usual reasons, represent the full strength of the British Isles. We

shall very likely lose several important matches, but it does not matter if we lose them all, provided that our representatives play the game as gentlemen and sportsmen. That is a point of primary importance, and, with the spirit of reform in the air, we are glad to believe that our men will do us honour.

A glance at that eminently useful little handbook, the Rugby Football Annual, reminds us that several famous Rugby figures have passed away during the previous twelve months. One of the most notable of them was Charles Bruce Marriott, who died on Christmas Day, 1936, in his seventy-seventh year. A great player and a great administrator, there was no better-known man in Rugby. He was a Cambridge Blue, captain of the University, and played seven times for England. For many years he was Secretary to the Rugby Union, and it was during his period of office that Twickenham came into being. His keen interest in the game remained until the end.



AN OXFORD RUGGER CAPTAIN'S WEDDING

The bridal group outside St. Peter in the East Church, Oxford, when Mr. Malcolm MacGregor Cooper, last year's Oxford Rugger captain (University College), and of Havelock North, New Zealand, was married to Miss Hilary Matthews, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Matthews, of The Green Door, St. Aldates, Oxford. Another Rugger Blue and former captain, Mr. K. L. T. Jackson, was best man, and two sisters of the bride, Miss Sonia Matthews and Mrs. H. D. B. Lorraine, were the attendants

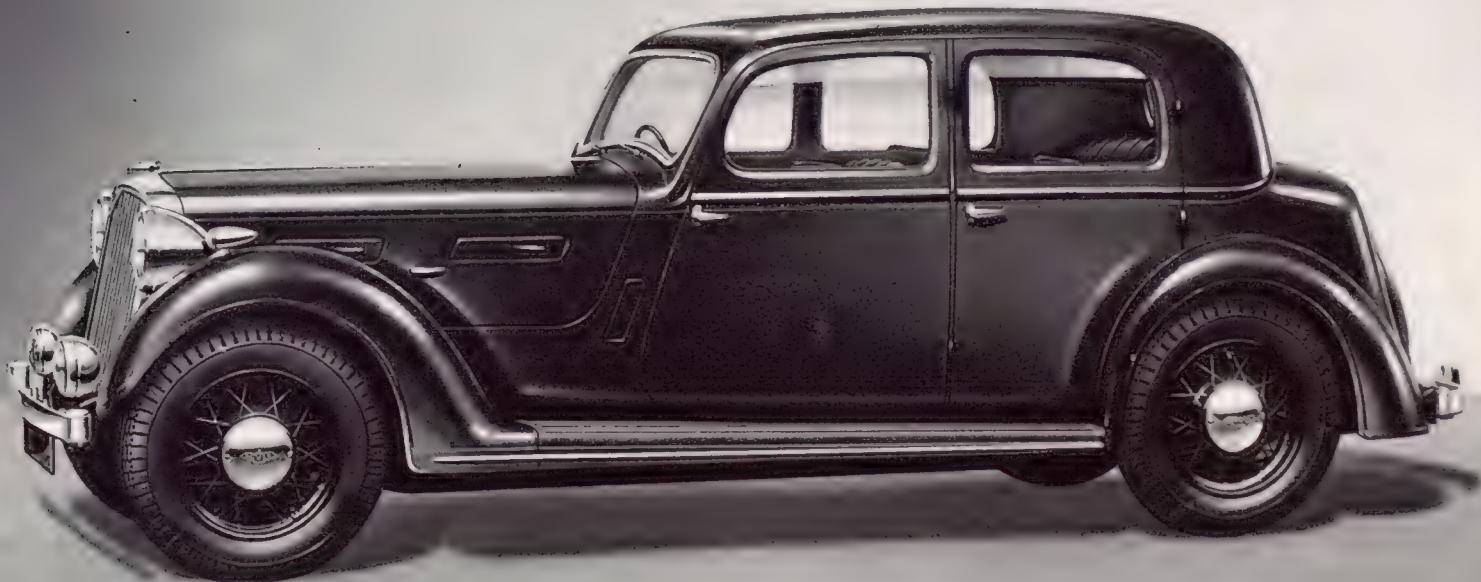
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RACING IN IRELAND: LADY PATRICIA MILLER,
LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH AND MRS. ASTAIRE

They were photographed at Powerstown Park races. Lady Patricia Miller is an aunt of the young Lord Waterford; she married Mr. L. R. Miller in 1926. Mrs. Astaire is Lord Charles Cavendish's mother-in-law

Earl's Court Quibble.

THERE are few things better calculated to arouse the most violent human passions than a quibble. Tell someone that the international situation has taken a grave turn, and he will reply: "Indeed! Has it?", and go on reading his paper. But tell him, for instance, that "all right" ought to be spelt "alright," or that Cirencester ought to be pronounced "Sissiter," and he will lay down his paper, adjust his spectacles, fix you with a piercing stare and say: "I entirely disagree!" From that moment the battle is on, and if you both survive it without any burst blood-vessels you will be lucky. This week I have a motor-show quibble to introduce to you which will, I fully expect, divide exhibitors and visitors into two warring camps, and probably bring me some really nasty letters. I am speaking about the Earl's Court Motor Show.

Now, somebody has said—and I am sorry to tell you that he has supporters—that there will be no Earl's Court Motor Show. He even trounced those who had ventured to speak of Earl's Court as slovenly writers, and he hinted that people who put apostrophes where none ought to be were the type given to vulgar display. Authoritatively, and finally, he announced that the place is unapostrophic Earls Court. Yet he was wrong.

Enter the Apostrophe.

I spoke to an Earl's Court official on the telephone. Should there be, I asked, an apostrophe before the "s"? No, he answered. Why? I asked. There never has been one. But why not? Are you sure? He did not know; he was not positive, but anyhow there ought not to be one. No, he did not know why. The Kensington Borough Council might know why. I rang them up. No. There should be no apostrophe, they said. No. They had no idea why. The L.C.C. might know:

I was beginning to get telephone throat, so I sought quotations, and found one in Pope's "Imitations of Horace." It reads: "Blackmore himself, for any grave effort, would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's Court." Pope, then, was pro-apostrophe. I went to Edward Walford, that authority on London, and found in Vol. V. of "Old and New London" this passage: "It probably owes its name to the Earls of Warwick and Holland, whose mansion faces it." I

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

found the apostrophe always used in this work. I went to the L.C.C. The answer was clear. The apostrophe, in the strictly correct spelling, ought *always* to be used. And here is why. It is spelt Earl's Court because one of the Earls of Warwick held his court there. Enough! For me (God and the sub-editors and compositors willing) it will henceforth be Earl's Court.

Packard Party.

Wait, though: here is another quibble, and after I have put it to you I shall apply for police protection. It has to do with the correct pronunciation of Packard. Most English people pronounce it as it is spelt, with full value to the last syllable. But Americans I have met call it *Packrd*, with a clipped and unaccented last syllable and all the weight on the Pack. Ought one to veer towards the country of origin, or to adopt the English version? In general, I favour making some attempt at country of origin pronunciation. But not always. Few people, even if they are linguists, venture to call a Daimler a Dimeler, for instance. And perhaps it is as well that there are variations and that you say either and I say eether.

While talking of Packard, I must mention the trip to the United States now being made by a party of Packard (or Packrd) distributors. A farewell dinner was given by Leonard Williams the other day. The party will first go to New York, after which they will visit the Packard factory and proving ground at Detroit. The track here is only a quarter of a mile shorter than Brooklands, and is claimed to be the fastest concrete track in the world. The proving ground also contains eighteen miles of roads made to represent every type, from swamp to desert. Some parts are left in the worst condition, to provide severe tests for the cars. Finally the party will tour the U.S.A. before returning to England.

(Continued on page 556)



Clapperton

**LISTENING TO THE PIPES:
LORD AND LADY HADDINGTON (ON RIGHT)**

They are with the Convener of Galashiels Pipe Band, which was playing outside Minto House at the time. Minto House is the Hawick seat of Lord Minto, who married Lady Haddington's sister. Minto House was open to the public in aid of the Scottish Gardens Scheme

This England . . .



Poole Harbour from Ballard Down—Dorset

THERE has never been any nonsense about the men of Dorset — men of peace, liking their comforts, they would nevertheless fight to keep them. Dourly they drove off the Danes, but would have no truck with the Norman and Plantagenet struggles. And when the Civil war was upon them, there arose the "clubmen," who would bear no arms at the county musters, but punished indifferently and with vigour the Roundhead or Royalist caught plundering ! To this spirit in our England we owe the continuance of the good things of English living to-day — justice, liberty, the genial life ; nay, even your Worthington has not been tampered with since the days of leathern cups.



Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 554

New M.G.

An entirely new sports four-seater M.G. with open body on the two-litre chassis will make its first appearance at the Earls Court show. The body has cut-away doors and disappearing hood. Otherwise the two-litre range of M.G.s will carry on in the present form with the four-door saloon and the folding head foursome. I hear from the M.G. company that sales during the past twelve months have set a record both home and overseas. Owners of these cars need have no fear that the present types will become obsolete for a long time because the M.G. policy is only to announce new models when development makes it desirable. There is no regular annual change. So the M.G. Midget Series T., the 1½-litre and the 2-litre models will remain. The Midget has been unchanged since it was introduced in 1936 and its popularity among sports car people and as a competition car is now higher than ever.

* * *

26 m.p.g. with 22 h.p.

In a 1,986 miles run recently organised in Norway, a Ford V.8 "22" saloon averaged 26.9 miles per gallon in petrol consumption. The run began and ended at Oslo and was on public roads. The figures were checked by Government experts on the Ford Company's behalf. A test for commercial vehicles was subsequently made in Denmark, using six 15 cwt. delivery vans. The petrol consumption of all six, fully loaded vans, averaged 30.1 m.p.g., one of them averaging 34.9 m.p.g. Those are striking instances of economical running.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 546

of design opinion in the fuselage. The T.K.4 has a relatively short fuselage with the tail plane set low, whereas the Hobby has a long fuselage with the tail plane set high. The Mew Gull, whose speed capabilities in its latest form with V.P. airscrew are really noteworthy, has the high tail position and a medium length fuselage. Pondering these slight differences, I have come to the conclusion that the students of the de Havilland Technical School are right in adopting the short fuselage for speed. If one can get the control with a short fuselage it is obviously a disadvantage to have a long fuselage. Every inch more constitutes more drag. Hitherto, however, people have found difficulty in providing good control with a short fuselage. There has been interference with the tail plane and some bad accidents have happened through lack of control from this cause. Pilots have come to look with suspicion on short fuselages. Yet the fast flying birds have short fuselages, with the tail plane well up behind the wings. So I think that, with sufficient knowledge we shall be able to do the same in aeroplanes and yet provide full control. That long slab of "body" between wings and tail plane must be suppressed somehow for, more than almost anything else, it is preventing further speed progress.

* * *

Next Year.

Let me conclude by urging the Royal Aero Club Racing Committee to realise that now is the time to start work on next year's race and by congratulating once again Mr. C. E. Gardner, Brigadier General A. C. Lewin, and Captain E. W. Percival for obtaining first, second and third positions.



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correctness) become part of you. Fortunately it is a car you can afford to keep "a little longer". Time is on your side. For no car has a better exchange value than a Wolseley. And looked at that way you can be the owner of a car of real distinction — a car that's really more in your line ...

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Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 541)

country nor to anybody, and which are not fit for work though the owner could work them without being prosecuted for cruelty." One result of the new Act will be that after October 1 such horses will remain in this country, and it was felt to be a duty to see that they are purchased and humanely slaughtered under the supervision of the League's officials before reaching the state described above.

In order clearly to indicate the development of the League's activities necessitated by the passing of the Act, it will in future be known as the International League for the Protection of Horses. I think we ought all to take off our hats to Brigadier-General Sir George Cotterill for all the hard work he has put in, and the recent presentation made to him was some small acknowledgment of the fine war he has fought.

* * *

I have received these two further letters from people who have some acquaintance with the effects of "cyano" gas as a means of destroying foxes, and I suggest that the second one, from Mr. A. M. Harbord (who, incidentally, is THE TATLER'S tame poet), will be read with interest by some people. The first letter is from Mrs. D. L. Chapman, who writes from Oxfordshire, and is as follows:—

"I should be most grateful if you would allow me to point out an error of fact in your comment (in issue of August 25) on Miss I. Hubbard's letter on field sports. You say that destruction of foxes by cyano-gas is a very painful death. On the contrary, it has been shown that this method is definitely painless. (Perhaps the medical adviser you mention confused it with ordinary prussic acid poisoning, which is a different thing.) Human beings who have been accidentally gassed have testified that there were no unpleasant effects. It is advocated for rabbit destruction by the Univ. London



MR. PETER G. TAIT, WINNER OF THE JUBILEE VASE

Mr. Peter Tait, who has just won the Jubilee Vase at the Old Course at St. Andrews, is a nephew of the late Freddie Tait (Black Watch), who was amateur champion before the war and won this Jubilee Vase 42 years ago

Animal Welfare Society and has been approved by R.S.P.C.A. inspectors.

"Since both farmers and game-preservers are bound to destroy foxes by methods other than hunting, I earnestly hope (quite apart from the question of sport) that this excellent method of humane slaughter will soon be more widely recognised."

* * *

Mr. A. M. Harbord, who is a fox-hunter in spite of being a poet, writes:—

"DEAR SABRETACHE,—An answer to the allegation of painlessness in destruction by cyanogen and similar methods lies in the following case:—

Numerous rat-burries had been gassed in the fields surrounding a house in Sussex (where I frequently stay), and over a week after the operation I was walking beside the house, when I heard a laboured and wheezing breathing in the thick creepers on the wall. I discovered that the sounds came from a large bitch-rat (which I drove out and shot). When I put a stick into the creeper or approached the animal, the increase in respiratory rate, through alarm, made the wheezing even more audible and higher in pitch. The whole breathing system must have been badly affected. The man who has charge of this department on the estate told me that this is a frequent and inevitable happening. It is *impossible* to send any form of fume to each and every blind-end of a bury or an earth, and thus cases of partial but not fatal gassing must occur."

* * *

I should be more inclined to take a keeper's word than even that of my doctor friend, at whose opinion Mrs. Chapman seems inclined to scoff. How can it be claimed that any gas which burns the lungs, as obviously "cyano" does, is "definitely painless"? However, we shall never, I am afraid, see eye to eye with the people who would destroy animals by either traps, bad shots, poison gas, or any other means that we of the other part cannot bring ourselves to believe is humane. I think all that it is necessary to say has now been said.

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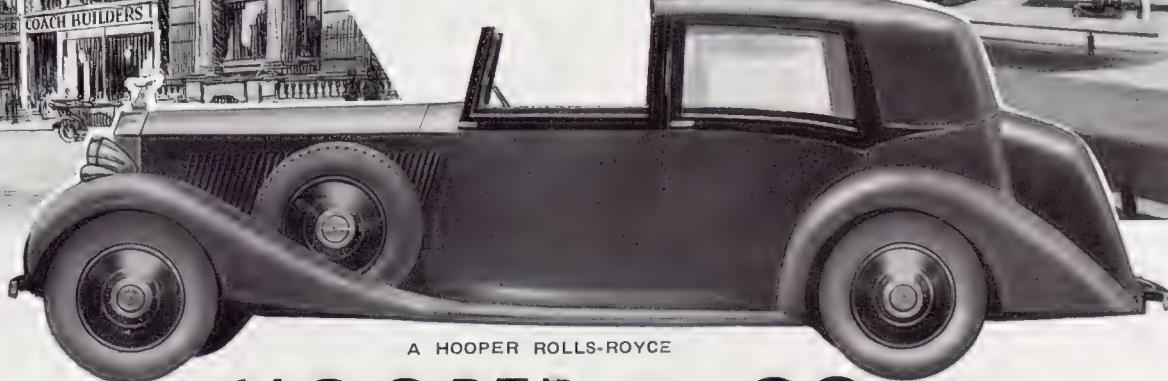
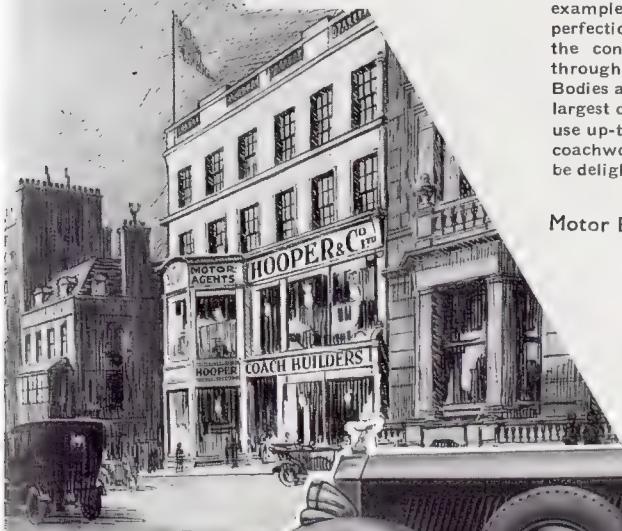
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Kennington Service

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. Brooke

TAILORED suits and shirt blouses are perfect companions; at Fenwick's there is a host of possibilities to explore in this respect. There is a splendid collection of crêpe blouses from a guinea, great care having been taken in creating necklines that are flattering; tucks and pleats are extensively used for decorative purposes. Again, there are tartan taffeta blouses with short sleeves for a guinea; the colour schemes are decidedly smart and so are the bows with which they are finished. Braemar knitwear has gone into residence here, including pullovers and "twin sets" (pullovers and cardigans in contrasting colours) of pure cashmere. Although many will consider them luxuries, they really are necessities during the cold weather, since they are warm and light and, if such term a may be used regarding knitwear, perfectly tailored



AUTUMN demands tailored suits for town as well as country wear. They must be *sans reproche*, the tailoring perfect and the materials just those that are present in Fenwick's (63, New Bond Street) creations. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that again this season they are making a feature of coats and skirts made to order for ten and a half guineas, and this is the cost of admirably tailored dresses and long coats. The materials in which they are available include men's suitings and rainbow tweeds; patterns of the same together with illustrations of the designs will gladly be sent on application. An important feature of several is the "action" back. The models illustrated on this page are, however, rather more expensive. The coat and skirt on the right is of men's suiting, the hems edged with braid, while the simulated pleat in the centre of the skirt expands during its career; the price is fourteen and a half guineas. The model above consists of a perfectly plain skirt and checked coat with Uhlan pockets. Even the picture of it will make women long for the country, especially when they remember that they may possess it for the small amount of twelve and a half guineas. Naturally, no one will leave these salons until they have seen the profile hats, from a guinea, and others endowed with the forward movement. The wimple veil has evidently come to stay



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AFTER a glorious season women are beginning to think of fashions for the autumn, and it is hats that receive the first consideration. All monotony has been banished. The vogue for veils, which some thought would pass away, is more pronounced than ever; it may be on account of the tailored aspect of many of the hats. Touches of colour are introduced in black and brown felt hats as well as those fashioned of fur. As usual at this time of the year velours in forest and pheasant colourings are looked upon with great favour.



IT is at the Woolland salons in Knightsbridge that the hats portrayed on this page may be seen. Ultra smart is the one at the top of the page. It is of felt with the brim sharply turned up at the side and held in position with a distinctive feather mount, the height of which may be varied to suit the prospective wearer; or a simple quill which pierces the crown may be substituted. The autumn catalogue is ready and will be sent on application, from which it will be seen that the prices are very moderate.

A SIMPLE TRIO

HATS WHICH ADD TO FACE VALUE

ALTHOUGH hats with high crowns of the Directoire character are well represented at Woollands, there are many flattering exceptions to this rule. There is the black felt hat on the left with the modish baby-boy brim, gaily coloured ribbons spring from the crown and pass through a hiatus below, ending their career in artistic negligence. Natural ostrich feathers make the crown and felt the brim of the hat on the right; they are cleverly arranged to rest against the hair and the column of the throat.



Pictures by Blake



"VOL DE NUIT"
NIGHT FLIGHT
BY

GUERLAIN

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Parfum-RIGAUD

"Un Air Embaumé"

Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 544

her arm. Whereupon, either from pain or from happiness, she burst into floods of tears and was sent to bed for twenty-four hours. A sad anti-climax to such a triumph! Still, I do not doubt that the Señorita is her own gay and charming self again by now, soon setting out to her native Chile to receive the cheers of the populace. And I should like to point out to all those who shook their heads so sourly when the Señorita's engagement was announced, and prophesied how fatal it was to try to play two love games at the same time, that for once their acid expectations have been completely refuted.

What I like so much about the Señorita is that whether laughing or crying she displays on court the temperament of the real artist, that temperament which has made Kreisler and Marie Tempest such exquisite troupers, as opposed to the displays of sheer bad temper betrayed by so many players on court, who imagine that they are being as temperamental as *prime donne*, but are really being as ill-mannered as any other class of boor who know no better. Moreover, many of those who on the court succeed in maintaining a solid unemotional British front to the enemy in the face of abject defeat have been known, on occasion, to collapse in a tantrum of rage in the dressing-room as soon as the match is over, screaming and shouting in a way that is most embarrassing to all the other changers.

I will mention no names. Anyone with the least imagination and experience as a spectator or a player will be able to fill in the gaps. On the other hand, I should like to congratulate this week a player on a signal triumph, who, more than any participator in first-class tennis whom I happen to know personally, has abundantly proved herself to be a disciple of the philosophy inscribed over the players' entrance to the centre court. "If you can meet with triumph and disaster and treat these two impostors just the same." That is what Peggy Scriven has been doing throughout her tennis career. After leaping into the limelight by winning the Hard Court Championship in Paris for two years running she had a very bad patch for the next two years in which nothing would go right for her. And now this year, when early in the season she staged such a great come-back and reached the last eight at Wimbledon, she was unaccountably omitted from the Wightman Cup team. However, instead of sulking in the refreshment tent, like Achilles on a famous occasion—it was Achilles, or wasn't it?—she just decided instead that she would show 'em—and how! For down to Eastbourne she went and carried off the South of England Championship, which, after the title at Wimbledon, is the most-coveted cup in this country, and in the final she defeated so well-known a player as Miss Jean Saunders by the remarkable score of 6—love, 6—1. What a magnificent performance, and on grass, too, which does not really suit her so well as a hard court! And what a magnificent performance, too, of little Gem Hoahing, who, at sixteen, succeeded in defeating Mary Heeley and, to prove that this was no fluke, followed it up by having two match points against Jean Saunders in the final set of their marathon match. Miss Saunders scraped home by the skin of her teeth, or, rather, by crowding the net in full sail, and, to say the least of it, there's plenty of sail when she does choose to crowd it all on. All the same, I am confident that in a year or two the little Chinese girl will be the most-feared opponent in our tournament world. Just think of it! This very same week last year she was winning the Junior Championships at Wimbledon. This year she reached the semi-final at Eastbourne, and was very unfortunate not to be in the final. That sort of achievement defies description and calls for the discovery of new superlatives.

Meanwhile, at Wimbledon itself the Junior Championships have been held once more and two new champions have emerged from another record entry. They are G. L. Emmett and Miss Rosemary Thomas. Personally, I have a shrewd feeling that Emmett's defeated opponent, R. A. A. Holt, may easily go farther in the game if he concentrates on it than his victor, and I also have a high opinion of the future of a boy called J. N. Archer, who is by way of being a poet in his spare time, and has a very poetical equipment of shots. He only needs height and the authority which goes with it to become a first-class performer. As for Holt, he possesses something of the same flair for games as that magnificent all-rounder, Gandar Dower, whose footsteps he seems to be following in fast, since he plays cricket for the same school, Harrow, and has also had considerable success in other ball games. While as for Miss Thomas, she, too, seems marked out for future success among the adult stars. Twice junior champion of Surrey, winner of the schoolgirls' event at Queen's, both the under-sixteen and the open competition, last year runner-up and this year champion of the Junior Wimbledon. What an amazing record for a girl who is still only just sixteen. No wonder Bunny Austin chose her as his partner in the Hard Court Championships at Bournemouth in the spring. I sincerely hope that friendly example will now be followed by some of her senior sisters who will pair up with her and give her that experience which alone she needs to become absolutely first-class in open tournaments next year.



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Pearl Freeman
SOUNDVIEW

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying in India.

The marriage arranged between Mr. H. Trevelyan and Miss Peggy Bartholomew will take place at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, India, on November 10; Mr. J. U. Todd and Miss J. K. Douglas are being married in Singapore in December; Mr. C. D. H. Todd and Miss Eve Hall, daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Hall, of Egerton Gardens, S. W. 3, are being

The daughter of M. Gaston Gouache and Madame Gouache, of Rue de Tocqueville, Paris, who is engaged to Mr. G. B. H. Clark, son of Col. J. W. Clark, D.S.O., of Knightsbridge, London, and Sydney, Australia. The marriage is taking place in Paris in November. Mr. Clark was a Boxing Blue at Oxford in 1933

Rosalin Marten will be married at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, on October 27.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. P. S. Morris-Keating, Royal Horse Guards, younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel T. H. P. Morris, M.C., The Rifle Brigade, and Mrs. Rex Osborne, Crudwell Court, Malmesbury, Wilts, and Eleanor J. Sotheron-Estcourt, younger daughter of Captain T. E. and Mrs. Sotheron-Estcourt, of Estcourt, Tetbury, Glos.; Mr. T. A. Powell, eldest son of the late Captain T. G. Powell and of Mrs. Powell, and Brenda Muriel Nancy, younger daughter of Lieut.-General Sir F. W. N. McCracken, K.C.B., D.S.O., and the late Lady



Fayer

MISS DIANA TYRRELL-MARTIN

Who is engaged to Mr. Berkeley Stuart Owen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Owen, of Tunbridge Wells. Miss Tyrrell-Martin is the daughter of Mrs. E. M. Liddell, and stepdaughter of Col. E. M. Liddell, of Broadacres Manor, Bexhill-on-Sea. The marriage will take place on the 25th of this month at St. Mark's Church, Little Common, near Bexhill.



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The only daughter of Mr. C. V. Baker, of Buckland Betchworth, Surrey, and of Mrs. S. M. Baker, of Cirencester, who is to marry Lieut. S. L. C. Maydon, Royal Navy, youngest son of the late T. G. Maydon of Natal, South Africa, and Mrs. Maydon, of Chaffey Moor, Bourton, Dorset

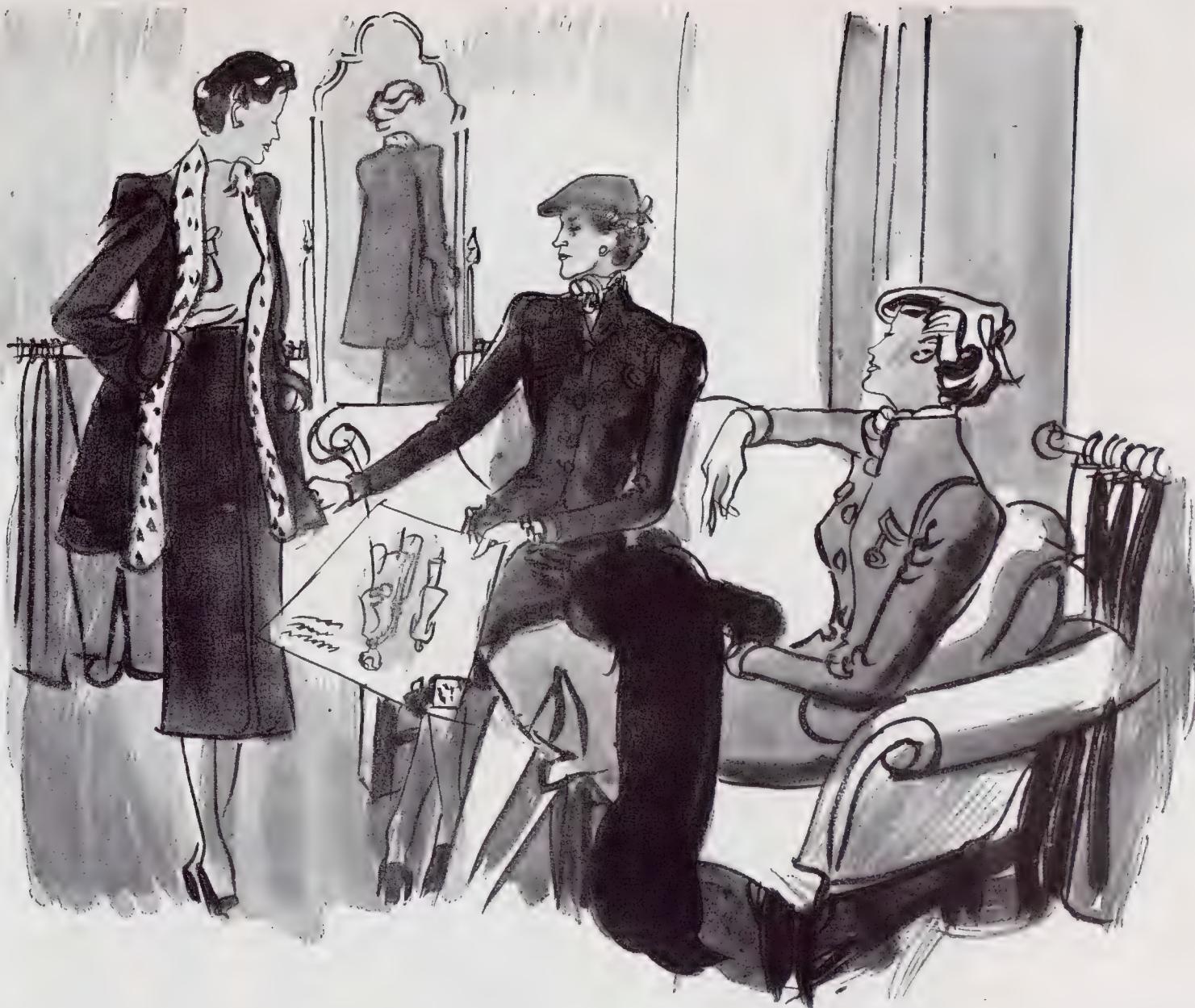
61 M.R.
and Mrs. Stanley Bourne, Epperstone Manor, Nottingham, and Leila Gladys, elder daughter of Major-General Hugo Watson, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Watson, Fulbeck, Grantham; Captain R. J. Streatfield, Royal Artillery, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn Streatfield, and Jane, daughter of the late Sir Guy Stephenson, C.B., and of Lady Stephenson; Mr. R. Q. Pollock, 6th Duke of Connaught's Own Lancers, only surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Pollock, of Ireton House, Highgate, and Ardmore, Co. Waterford, and Florence Isobel, daughter of Sir Vincent and Lady Nash, of Shannon View House, Kilmurry, Co. Limerick; Lieut. J. N. G. Grace, R.N., younger son of the late Admiral H. E. Grace, C.B., and the late Mrs. Grace, and Evelyn Doris Winifred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wallace.



This new pattern in COMMUNITY PLATE breaks new ground in plate design; it is essentially modern yet rich in decoration; a distinguished plate for a distinguished room. The motif is inspired by a design of Grinling Gibbons, most famous of the 18th century carvers who left his mark on the state rooms of many palaces and greater country houses, including HAMPTON COURT.

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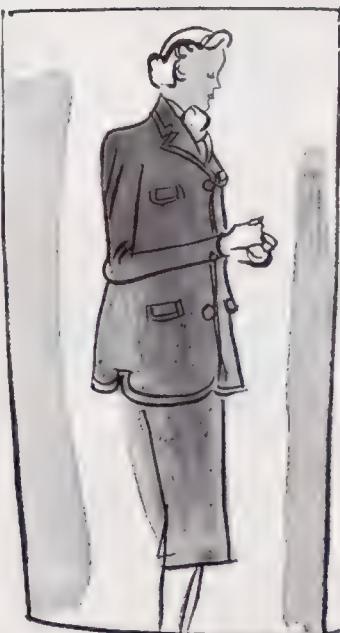
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The laws of taste are unwritten, says Margaret Barry. To understand them, you must feel them: to design clothes for the really well-dressed woman, you must first of all understand her mode of living . . . Colours are out of place in urban surroundings. For London or Paris, Margaret Barry plans her famous little suits in sombre but pleasing shades—blacks, blues, browns: while for the country she sponsors a whole range of soft glowing colours—blackberry, mulberry, sage green and rowan red. But the success of a suit depends primarily on perfect line: and in her sense of line Margaret Barry has few competitors.

Margaret Barry

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

L'ENTENTE ESPIEGLE
The property of Mrs. Hubert Roberts



There are some interesting statistics in the "Kennel Gazette" of August, with a comparison between the registrations of 1912 and '13 and those of last year. Seventeen breeds, including Chows, Scotties, Labradors, Cairns and Pekinese have greatly increased their registrations; fifteen have reduced them. No fewer than nineteen breeds now on the register were not recognised in 1913. These include Alsatians, Elkhounds, Shetland

Sheepdogs, Kerry Blues and Keeshonds, all of which have good entries now. It is also observed that the average total of a pre-war year was exceeded nearly three times by the registrations of 1936. A study of a pre-war catalogue is instructive. One wonders how shows paid with no Alsatians, few Labradors, Scotties and Pekinese. There seems nowadays a tendency to recognise too many new breeds. I always wonder if the breed of which a few specimens are brought from a remote country is recognised in that country as a breed at all. Some undoubtedly have had an honourable history at home, but others, to put it mildly, have not. Because one buys a dog in a far-off land it is not necessarily a pure breed.

There are some breeds one feels must be old ones, their characteristics are so marked. Chows are one of these, even small Chow puppies, which are one of the most attractive of their kind, have a dignified aloofness and a poise quite unlike other dogs. Chow puppies of three months old will walk sedately on leads like old dogs. Lady Faudel-Phillips owns a well-known successful kennel of Chows. She has been interested in them all her life. This is an instance of heredity, Lady Faudel-Phillips' grandmother and mother both had Chows, and her daughter, Miss Jean Faudel-Phillips, is a good and popular judge. Lady Faudel-Phillips has owned

and bred many good dogs, and her Ch. Pu Yi of Amwell is the winner of fifteen championships and fifty-six first prizes. There are some good puppies and youngsters for disposal at present.

There is a saying, "Once a Bulldog man always a Bulldog man," and this applies also to French Bulldogs. People who really like French Bulldogs rarely take up other breeds. Mrs. Roberts has for many years had a successful kennel of French Bulldogs and has won many honours with dogs of her own breeding. She understands them perfectly. Her L'Entente

Espiegle is a small dog, only weighs seventeen pounds, and is descended from small stock; he is beautifully bred, his father, grandfather and great-grandfather all being champions. Mrs. Roberts usually has puppies and adults for sale and is always delighted to see visitors at her kennels at Stoke Poges.

The Sealyham Terrier is one of the most popular breeds as a companion; he is also a very favourite show dog. In this connection it is interesting to see what can be done in a few years; the rather ragged looking Sealyhams which won shows just before the war being very unlike the

smart little dogs we see now. The Misses Verrall have a famous kennel of Sealyhams. The photograph is of some of the "Walsgrave" youngsters, of which there are always some for sale, both fit for show and as companions.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

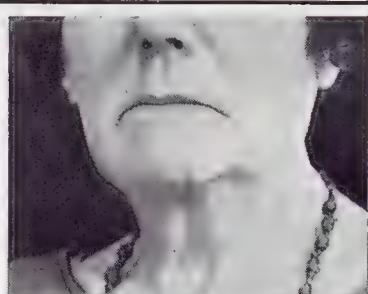


CH. PU YI OF AMWELL
The property of Lady Faudel-Phillips



SEALYHAM PUPS

The property of the Misses Verrall



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THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING AT OBAN

SIR CHARLES MACLEAN OF DUART,
MISS EVELYN MACLEOD, AND MR. P.
STEWART-BAMCOLONEL ALEXANDER MACDOUGALL OF
MACDOUGALL AND LIEUT.-COLONEL
T. O. LLOYD OF MINARDMAJOR A. MACGREGOR-WHITTON, THE
CAPTAIN OF DUNSTAFFNAGE, AND MR.
L. BALFOUR PAUL

The Argyllshire Gathering was held in Soroba Park, Oban, the town which lies on the mainland, opposite Mull, where the mountains look out toward "the blue islands from the Skerries to the Lew's." Sir Charles Maclean of Duart succeeded his grandfather, the late Sir Fitzroy Donald Maclean, who died in 1936 at the age of 100 years, as Chief of the Clan Maclean. The Macdougall of Macdougall was formerly in the R.A.M.C.; he is the 28th Laird of Dunollie. The Captain of Dunstaffnage, Mr. A. J. Campbell, is the 19th holder of the romantic title; he is Privy Chamberlain to the Pope, a Knight of Malta and a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland. He is one of the patrons of the London Highland Gathering to be held at Ranelagh at the end of this month.



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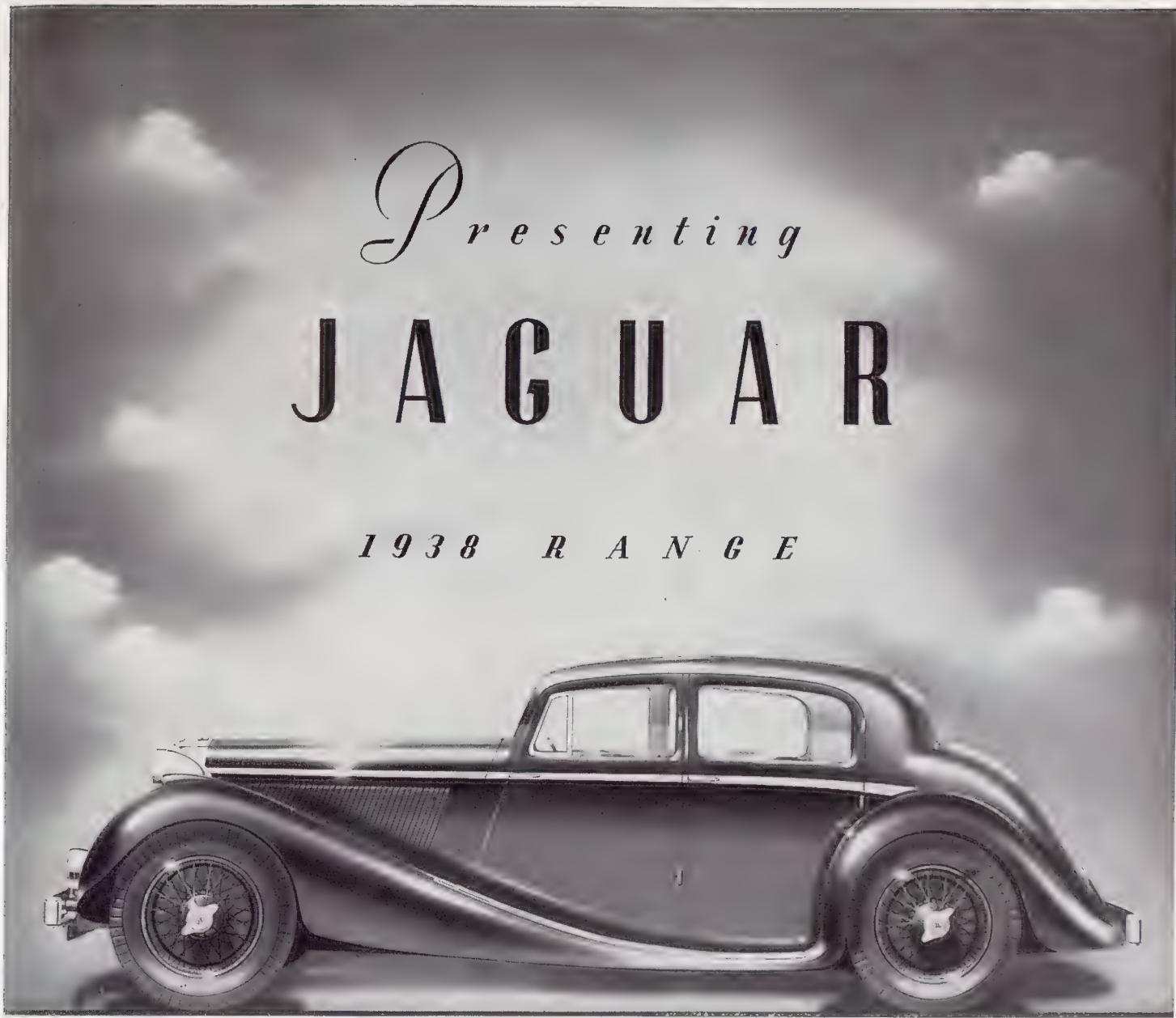
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silence of its travel being literally amazing. Widespread improvement in the 2½ Litre has resulted in an enhanced and even more refined performance, this

model also providing spacious seating for five. The 1½ Litre is an entirely new model and is now powered by an overhead valve engine modelled closely on the highly successful 2½ Litre. As with all 1938 Jaguar chassis, a Saloon or Coupe body is available on the 1½ Litre—both affording the full five-seater accommodation which is a characteristic feature of the new range.

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LONDON SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

"English Acre"

(Continued from p. 552)

Margaret stood on the verandah to watch the monoplane. Her father had bought it for them during her last leave home. George used it for visits to other plantations. She for trips to Nairobi. George had had it wheeled to the velvet slope which centred her English acre. Long before he told her she knew what was in his mind.

"You'll have some gardening to do when I've taken off!" he called across to where she stood. "And your precious lawn will want re-turfing, too. There'll be plenty to keep you busy!"

Rango was by the propeller. George White climbed into his seat. The last glimpse Margaret had of him was through the mica panel.

"Contact!" The propeller spun. Engine purred and panted. Then along the slope went the tiny craft, carrying its human cargo. Margaret watched it rise in the morning, a silver bird in flight; watched it rushing to meet Mount Kenya and Mombasa, which lay beyond.

When it was but a shadow speck far off on the stretch of blue, she re-entered the bungalow behind, for she could not look below: she knew the propeller had ravaged and cut. Sap scents were filling the morning. They sank into her senses like the life-blood of a lover.

The gold of the morning merged to silver as the monoplane mounted higher. The void was a velvet pathway, ceilinged with spinners' wool. But the breathless beauty missed the man. His mind had



IN "SOUTH RIDING": ANN TODD AND RALPH RICHARDSON (AS ROBERT CARNE AND HIS WIFE)

South Riding is an important picture now completing production at Denham under the direction of Victor Savile for London Film Productions. It is a tale of life in England and Victor Savile turned out the population of the surrounding districts to take part: troops, police, the British Legion, Red Cross Society nurses, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides figured in the big scenes. No date for its release has yet been assigned

no room to hold it. He was thinking of the woman he was rushing to meet and the one he was leaving behind.

Jeanette would enjoy his telling her how he had got away. How he had stopped Margaret going to England when she thought things were so nicely set. And he must tell her how he had taxied off, through the precious English garden. That was a bright idea of his. It'd give Margaret something to do.

"Now she knows it's not to be England she'll do more gardening still. I expect she has started already and forgotten I've gone to Mombasa!"

The man was still elated by his drinking bout of the night before, but his driving sense was clear enough, although he could not stay the crash. The plane was near to Mount Kenya when the right-hand aileron collapsed. It dropped like the wing of a wild duck, suddenly wounded in flight.

The pilot's first fear as the tiny plane tilted was that he was in an air pocket, but in vain he clutched the joy stick and fought to regain control. The machine whipped into a crazy spin. The earth rushed up to meet it. George White's eyes found the filed cable just before the crash. That was the last he ever saw before death came to seal his eyes.

Back on the English acre, where the honeysuckle clung to the arch, Rango was padding brown earth into place with the soles of his naked feet. Two things were newly buried, six feet below the surface. One of them was a *sjambok* whip. The other a keen-edged file.

THE END

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London's smartest hostesses obtain all their service uniforms from Garrould's. The cut, style and fine quality of even the least expensive garment always distinguishes a Garrould's uniform. The designs are exclusive and in the most modern styles. All dresses are made in a large range of stock sizes and colours. If you cannot call—please send a postcard for a copy of Garrould's catalogue of Service Uniforms beautifully illustrated in full colour—sent post free.



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Attractive AFTERNOON DRESS made in all-wool Panama, semi-fitting style, smartly cut, round neck fastened with three square chromium plated buttons. All round belt. Very adaptable style. Unlined. In a wide range of colours.

Women's Sizes 21/9



150-162, EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.2

TELEPHONE: PADDINGTON 1001



APRON 735

Very dainty Afternoon Apron in reliable White British Organdie, trimmed attractive embroidery and stitching. Each 2/11

Cap 439. Flat Coronet Cap made to match apron, threaded with ribbon velvet. Each 1/6½

Set 193. Dainty Set to match, with straight cuff. Set 2/6½

APRON 749

Neat Aprons, in white British Organdie trimmed with hemstitching. 1/11½

Cap 453. Flat Coronet Cap trimmed with hemstitching and ribbon velvet. 1/3½

Set 201. Collar and Cuffs to match apron. 1/6½



MARJORIE

This attractive style for Afternoon wear. Made in superior Poplin, a good washing material, ideal for summer. Cross-over style fastened with three white pearl buttons. Semi-fitting, well cut. All-round belt. In a full range of colours.

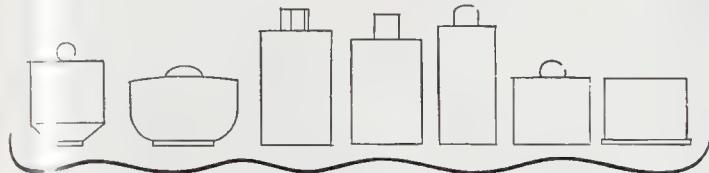
Women's Sizes 19/11

7 course beauty

treatments are as out-of-date as 7 course meals

WHAT is nicer than good food? But every woman knows what 7 course meals will do to the figure.

Without care, beauty soon fades. But like eating, it can be overdone.



Today, many women using cosmetics and undergoing beauty treatments find they are not only failing to improve their appearance but impairing it. Their beauty is suffering from a surfeit of care.

For best results, specialists now agree that a beauty treatment must include certain essentials—but nothing more.

Such is the Coty beauty treatment. It is both modern and quick. Ten minutes in the morning and ten minutes at night is all the time needed. There are no outmoded products in the Coty treatment. Nothing superfluous. Only preparations that modern beauty science has found to be essential. Every one prepared of the purest ingredients it is possible to use — each one of proved benefit to the skin.

If you are sure your beauty treatment is giving you the best results don't let anyone turn you against it. If you are not sure, lose no time in trying the new Coty beauty treatment. Each Coty Beauty Product is the same standard price, 4/6.

You can learn all about it at leading shops, or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, W.1.



Coty
Beauty Products

A BRADLEY CAPE from their new

Autumn Collection of original models. It can be had from stock or made to order in woollen materials trimmed with dyed Lamb for 24 gns., or in various tweeds trimmed Natural Black Musquash for 27 gns.



Bradley's
Chepstow
Place, W.2.



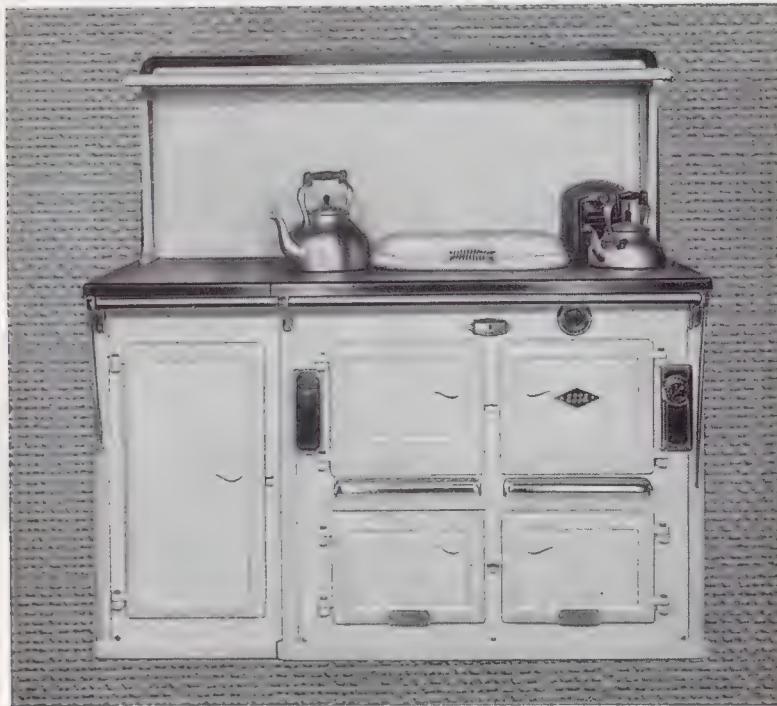
The Art of Being Natural.

After the holidays is a good time to reconsider beauty treatments and preparations, for a sun-tan that looked lovely on the beach seems sallow against a new autumn suit. Natural colouring is more flattering when enhanced by skilful make-up, and Tangee beauty preparations, which can be obtained practically everywhere, have been specially planned to end "that painted look." While sunburn and freckles still linger it is advisable to use Tangee Doriot Lemon Cleansing Cream, from half a crown, which bleaches and soothes the skin. Night Cream nourishes as well as cleanses; it should be massaged in before going to bed and a thin film left on overnight. In the morning Day Cream (4s. 6d.) should be smoothed on as a protective powder base. Tangee Rouge changes its colour to harmonise with the tones of the skin, but the shape of the face must be considered when it is applied. A round-faced woman, for example, should accentuate her colouring in a modified triangle, blending her rouge up to the temple and very faintly down the jaw-line. Tangee Lipstick emphasises the natural shade of the lips; for the evening, "Theatrical" gives an extra glow. Their powder, which clings to the foundation and blends perfectly with the rouge, is shown above in a practical case for seven and ninepence complete with other preparations, a very useful accessory when travelling.

TAKING the RIGHT LINE

in matters of importance

black coat worn over an afternoon frock. Coats are of various lengths, fitted to the waist or falling easily from the shoulders. Three-piece suits in checked or mixture tweeds include a loose three-quarter coat over a fitting jacket and skirt. One suit, consisting of a coat of this type in green tweed flecked with bright nubs of colour over a dress of the same material, costs six and a half guineas. For autumn goll there are attractive knitted suits tailored like tweed, while a black woollen coat and skirt, edged with red, has been designed for skating Débutantes applauded a charming cocktail dress in black and white, with a coatee, for 70s. Incidentally, visitors to this firm speaking any of the following languages will find themselves greeted and assisted by an interpreter in their own tongues: Hindustani, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Czecho-Slovak, Portuguese, Greek and Russian.



The ESSE is a paradox. It burns anthracite from one year's end to another, and yet it is one of the cheapest methods of cooking possible. The secret is 'stored heat.' The ESSE is constructed so that it wastes none of the heat it accumulates, never loses its efficiency and is always ready at a moment's notice to produce the most delicious meals your cook can devise. Why not call and see a demonstration?



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set consisting of
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ilk crepe-de-chine
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as motifs. Note the
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nd shoulders.

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Peach.



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175-176, SLOANE STREET. 108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET.

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coats in the beautiful new MOTOLUXE ARAQUIPA
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of nearest agent to the
manufacturers: Lee Brothers
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for gifts towards the small allowance they are trying to collect for an old man aged eighty-seven. He has lived in Westminster all his life, where he worked as a bricklayer. Now he is a frail old man suffering from rheumatism, and badly needing so many things he cannot afford, having only his Old Age Pension. Both his daughters have married poor men and can only help their father occasionally; his only son has disappeared. Will someone send us £13 that we may give him 5s. weekly to make life easier in his declining years?

* * *

The Committee of the Eleventh Annual Motor Ball has pleasure in announcing that, as a result of the Tenth Ball and Gift Scheme held in 1936, they were able to contribute to the Motor and Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund the sum of two thousand pounds. For this magnificent result, which increased the Motor Ball's annual contributions to £8,050, they ask their friends to accept their grateful thanks and, at the same time, beg for a continuance of their patronage and support. To those to whom the motor ball is a new event they venture to suggest that there is no happier way of supporting a cause which should be near to the hearts of all who obtain their livelihood from the motor or cycle industries or their pleasures from motoring or cycling; they look forward to seeing all their old friends and a large number of new ones at this year's ball at Grosvenor House on October 19, and draw special attention to the prize competition.

* * *

Ten years ago the first Cecil House for Homeless Women was established at 35, Devonshire Street, Holborn, W.C.1. A lovely Queen Anne dwelling, it succumbed to the wear and tear of time. Now, in its

place stands a pleasant red-bricked building with blue tiles, bright curtains and gay paint, and on Thursday, October 7, at 3 p.m., the Lord Mayor of London, the Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs and their ladies will be officially welcomed to the borough for the re-opening ceremony. Match-sellers, newspaper vendors, charwomen, waitresses, all sorts and conditions of hardworking but homeless women, will once more find a comfortable lodging at a price they can pay—a shilling a night for a good bed, hot bath, hot tea and bread and butter night and morning. No questions are asked, but those needing help and counsel will have every possible assistance, and the smiling face of the Matron, who for ten years was mother to the homeless, will once again greet them. Invitations to see this model lodging-house are obtainable from the Honorary Organising Secretary, Cecil Houses (Inc.), 11, Golden Square, W.1.

* * *

Under a picture of Lord Gifford at North Berwick which appeared in THE TATLER of September 8, it was stated in error that he had a Scottish wife. This was incorrect, as it is the widow of the late Lord Gifford who is a Scotswoman. The present Lord Gifford, who is unmarried, is the nephew of the late peer, who had no male issue. We much regret the mistake and apologise for any annoyance it may have occasioned.

* * *

Owing to a mistake on the part of the photographer the picture of General Sir William Bartholomew in the issue of this paper for September 8 was wrongly described as that of Major-General H. W. Bartholomew, his brother, who is the new G.O.C. in China. General Sir William Bartholomew is at present on his way back from India, where he has been Chief of Staff since May, 1934. He is now going to take up the Northern Command at York. We apologise for the wrong information supplied to us.



A PARAMOUNT STAR: SHIRLEY ROSS

Shirley Ross is one of Paramount's many lovely ladies. She has frequently appeared with Bing Crosby, with whom she is seen in *Waikiki Wedding*, due for general release in October. She is now working with John Trent and Edward Arnold on the making of *Blossoms on Broadway*. *The Big Broadcast of 1938* is another of her recent activities



• A new kind of sock. Self-supporting. No suspenders needed. The special patented design with a top band containing Lastex yarn does the trick. They can't come down. They don't let you down. No drag, no tightness round the leg. From 4/6. Obtainable from: Army and Navy Stores, Austin Reed, Colletts, Fortnum & Mason, Gieves, Harrods, Hawes & Curtis, Meakers, Morgan & Ball, Selfridge's, Simpsons, John Barkers, Bentalls of Kingston, etc.

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It has been evolved to combine the best features of both tweed and knitwear, and is specially made to prevent stretching or loss of shape.

Being perfectly hand-tailored, these suits are a joy to wear to the end.

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If there are any new coating fabrics of character and charm, or any striking new effects in colour, blendings, or new designs which worthily express the beauty and skill of the weaver's art, you may confidently expect to find them in the Rodex range.

The Gorslan Scotch Bouclé represented here in an attractive seven-eighths coat, is one of the finest ranges of this type of material, both for colour and texture, ever produced. The same fabric can also be had in many styles of swagger, three-quarter and full-length coats.

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Gibbs Super-Fatted Shaving Cream gives you supreme comfort both during and after shaving. Super-fattening ensures an especially rich and close-textured lather which helps you and the razor. The perfume and the fine ingredients leave your face refreshed and cool.

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Please cut
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R/Vitamin B.I. 7 International Units
Lactic Ferment. - - - - - 1 gr.
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(An active preparation of Fel Bovin
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'Well, how's the form, May?'

*'Pretty good—and this
Braemar Cardigan
is no handicap'*

Wherever women gather who give equal consideration to the game to be played and the clothes to be worn for it, you'll see Braemar cardigans to the fore. Either the waist-length cardigan that the lady on the left is wearing, or the straight shape with the two pockets, looks right and feels right. These cardigans are made in Pure Cashmere, Pure Botany Wool and the finest Lambswool and the prices vary according to quality. If you would like to see other Braemar styles with range of prices write to the makers (the address is below) for the charming new Autumn booklet. They will also send you the name of your nearest retailer.



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KNITTED SPORTSWEAR

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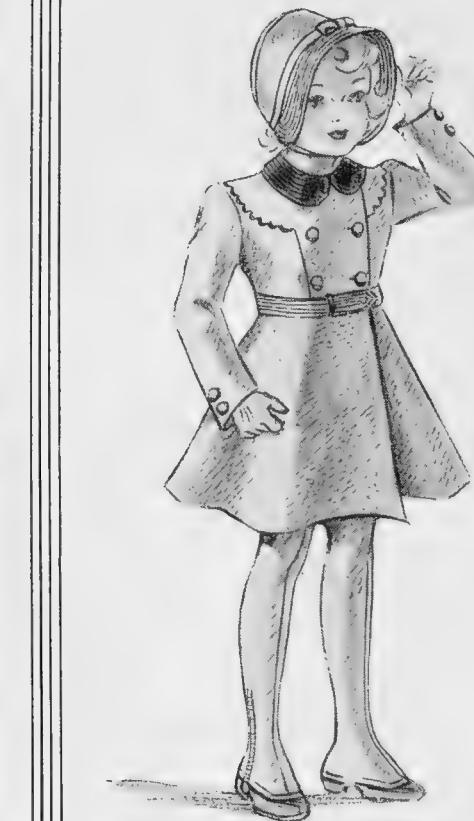
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a charming two-piece in angora woolen for autumn days with pin tuck trimming on coat and dress. indian lamb makes the attractive collar on coat. lined art crepe, in most shades.

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(t.4105)



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Greet Autumn in Tweeds



On left. Three-quarter length travelling coat in sporting style with three-piece sleeves. £8 . 8 . 0

Tweed Bag. 25/6

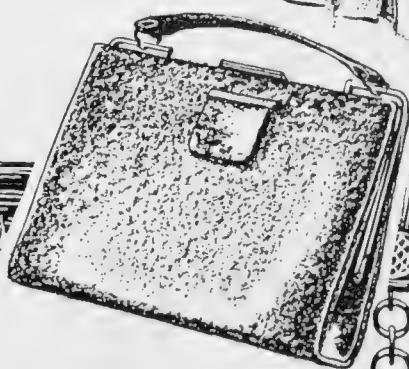
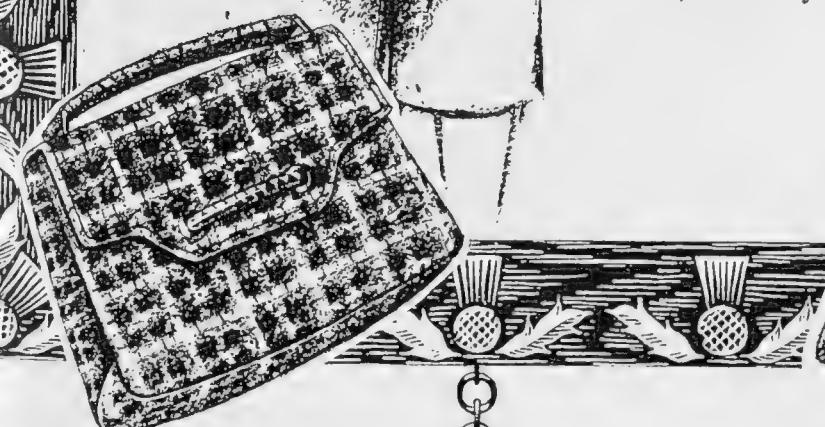
On right. Plain tailored suit with four pockets—skirt with three pleats in front and one at centre back. £8 . 8 . 0

Brown leather bag. 52/6

Lightweight felt hat with adaptable brim shown in different position left and right. 21/9

Both models shown are made in our Scottish Tweeds. A broken check design in three different colourings each giving a four-colour effect

Tweeds that are ready for service—
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The "SANDOWN."

A bold design in plaid fleece is used for an overcoat in Russian style, buttoning over to one side and belted with brown leather. Wine and nigger stripes with flecks of emerald and scarlet is the colour scheme. The same model makes up very well in plain colours too.

FINE TAILORING AND SUPERB MATERIALS are combined at Durwards to produce coats and suits of unapproachable excellence. Each cutter is an artist in his craft and welcomes tailoring to individual requirements, and it is this instinctive understanding of personal needs that attracts so many well-dressed women to Kenneth Durwards. Our stock of materials is the largest in the Kingdom, permitting a choice that meets every personal preference.

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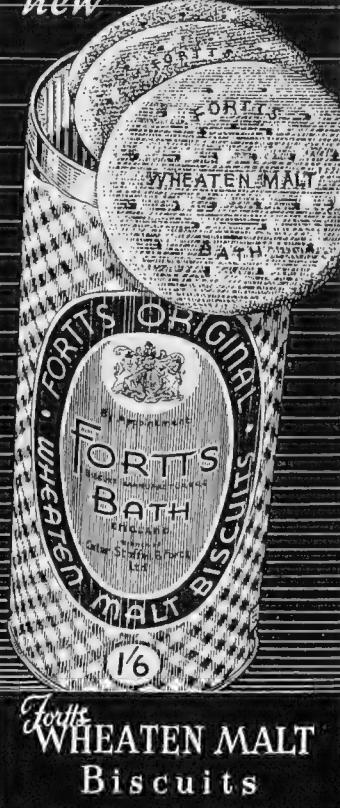
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"You know the Rue de Rivoli in Paris? Well, here's all summer in a day, all Rivoli in one gift shop, which is actually called Rivoli, in Brompton Road. Don't begin to think we could give you an idea of all the marvellous (And so on.)

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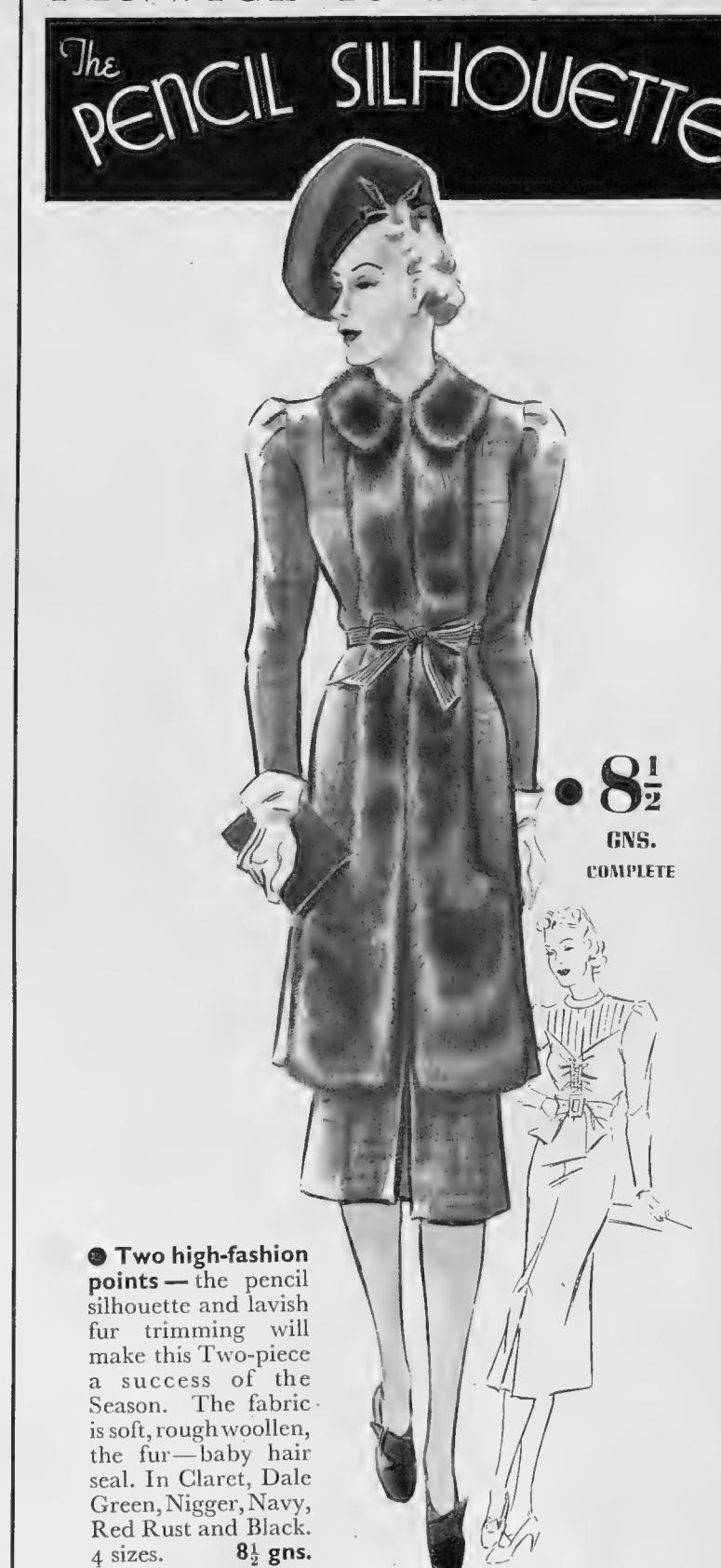


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DRESSING TABLE.	Pedestal 3 ft.	- - -
"	9 in. wide	- - - £19.10.0
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"	3 ft. 6 in. wide	- - - £16.10.0
CLOTHING CABINET.	2ft.6in.wide	- - - £14.10.0
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(ILLUSTRATED ABOVE)

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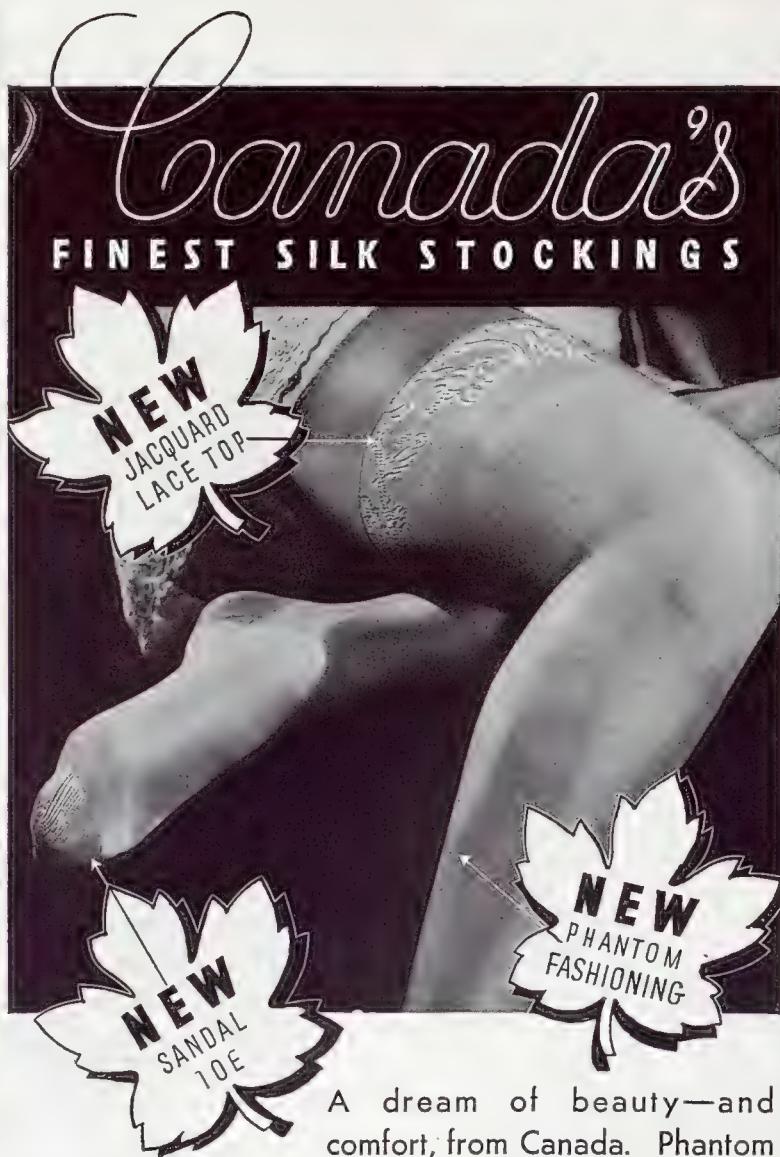
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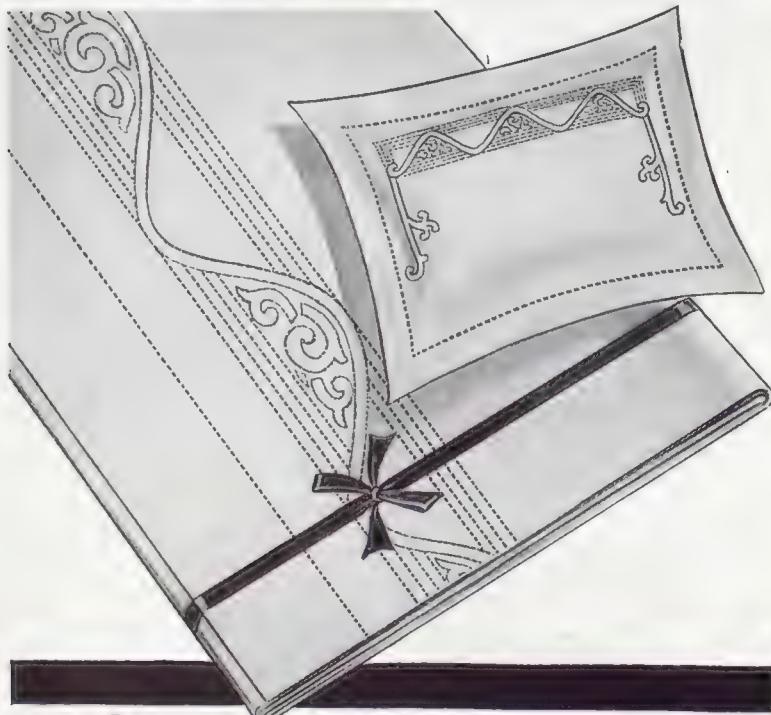


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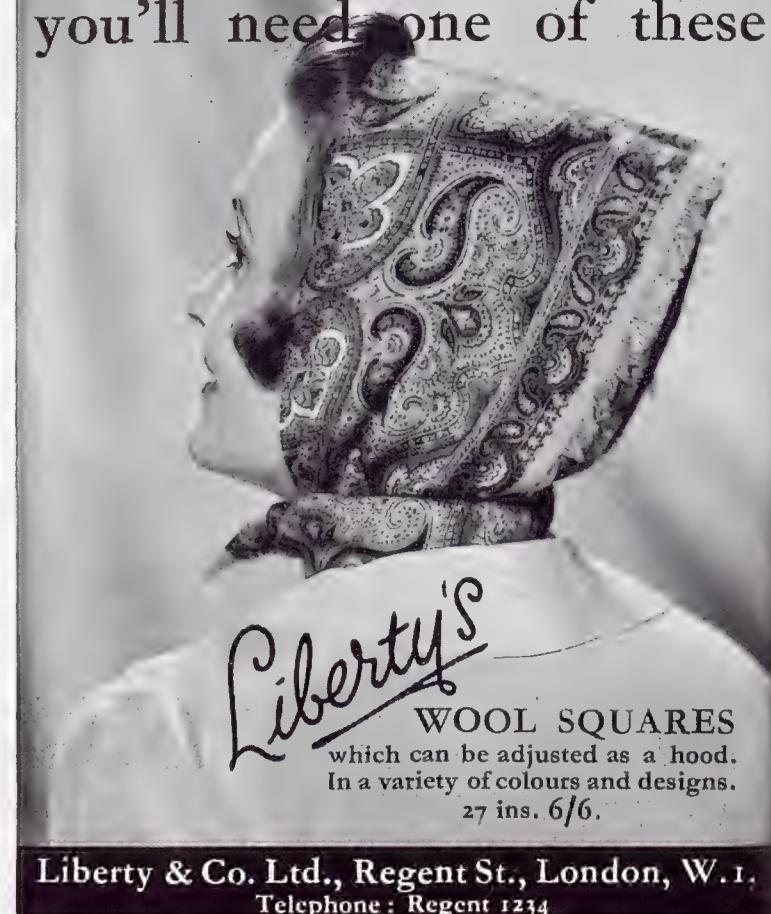
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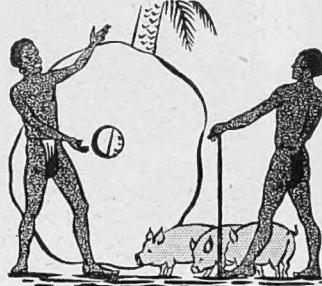
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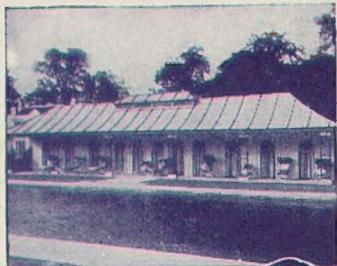
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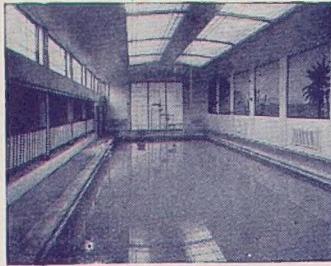
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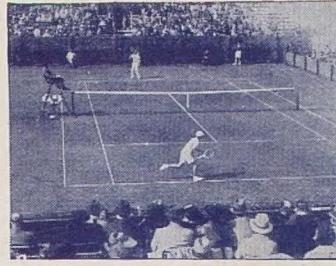
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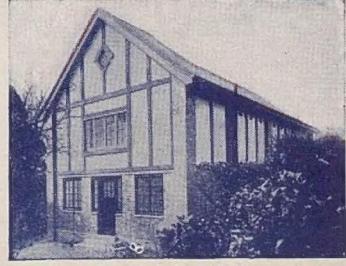
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